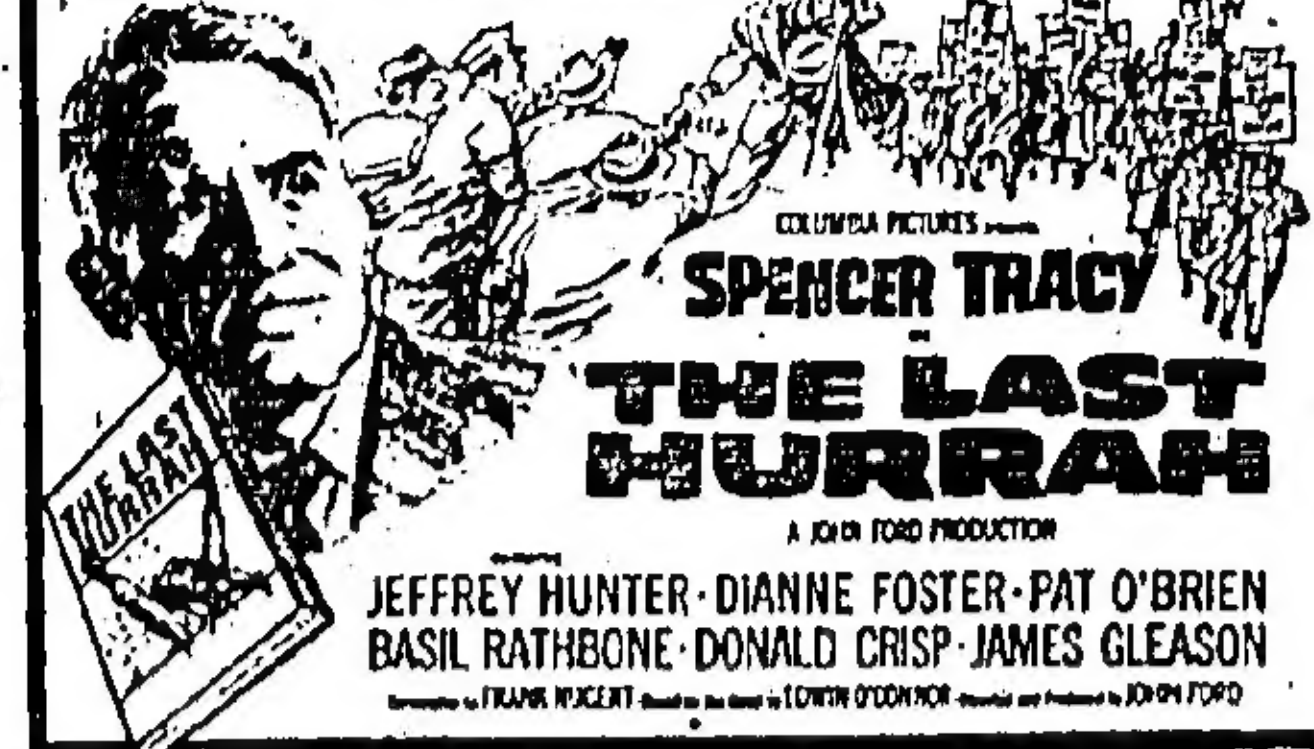


KING'S PRINCESS

★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Duo to Length of Film, Please Note Change of Times:
AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.40 P.M. & 9.40 P.M.

BIG BOOK! BIG CAST! BIG PICTURE!



★ OPENS TO-MORROW ★



KING'S TO-DAY

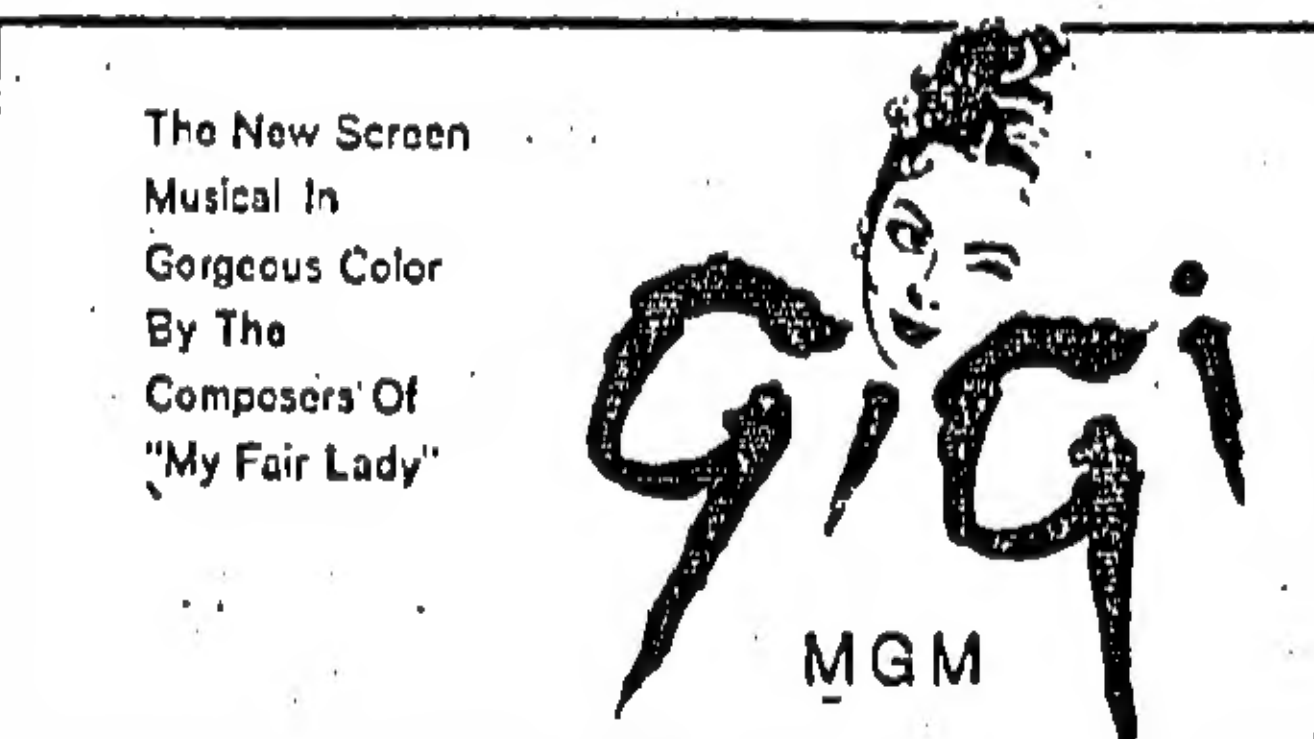
CHILDREN'S DAY SPECIAL SHOWS
M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS
Free Seven-Up or Schweppe to patrons
\$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS TO-MORROW MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m. "PARAMOUNT POPEYE THE SAILOR COLOR CARTOONS"
At 12.30 p.m. "AND GOD CREATED WOMAN" Starring Brigitte Bardot
At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

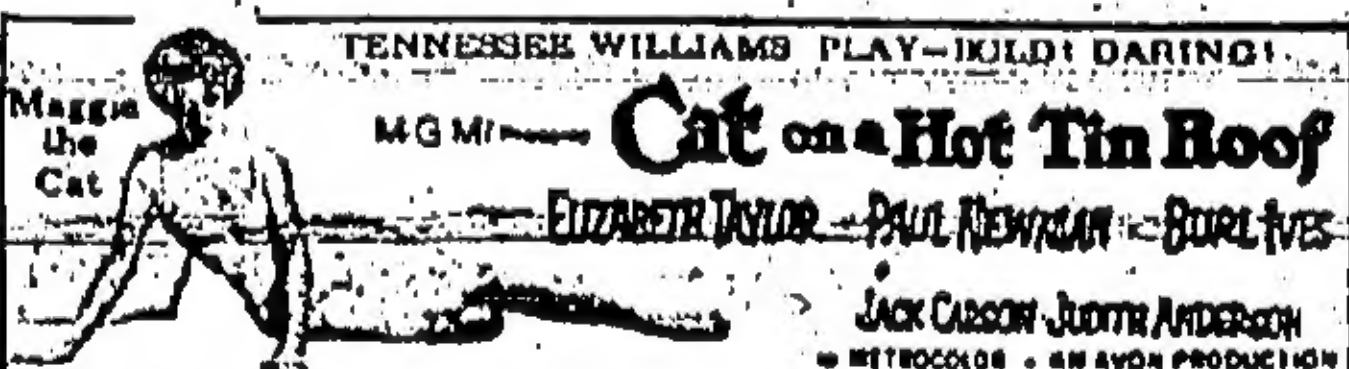
HOOVER GALA

Now Playing: 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



Starring: Leslie CARON — Maurice CHEVALIER — Louis JOURDAN
in Cinemascope and Metro-Color

— Next Great Attraction —



From the Play that Won the Pulitzer Prize!
Special Children Matinee To-day At Reduced Admission
Admission Price for Children: 40 Cts.
HOOVER at 12.00 noon GALA at 12.15 p.m.
Leslie Caron Walt Disney's
Mel Ferrer in "LIL" Color Cartoon Feature
Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission
HOOVER at 12.00 noon GALA at 11.00 a.m.
Doris Day MGM COLOR CARTOONS
James Cagney in "LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME" Glenn Ford • Eleanor Parker in "INTERRUPTED MELODY"

RITZ CINEMA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT REDUCED PRICES
AT 10.45 A.M. "ANASTASIA" AT 12.30 P.M. "RUN OF THE ARROW"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

THERE are three changes at the cinemas this week. The Lee and Astor are showing the highly controversial film, "The Naked and the Dead"; the King's and Princess bring on the American political scene with "The Last Hurrah"; the Roxy and Broadway are showing the documentary "Blitzkrieg."

Fortunately, the light hearted "Gigi" is still running at the Hoover and Gala. My reason for saying that is, "Gigi" is the only bit of light relief provided in this weekend's film entertainment.

The Star and Metropole carry on with "The Big Country." It is strange how these two cinemas, the smallest of the first run group now have to carry the biggest films.

Next, Saturday the Unitalla film group will be at the Hoover Cinema. This company of Italian film stars, producers and directors, are on an international tour with the object of placing Italian films on the map. The Italian Consul-General is holding a reception at the Hoover in honour of Unitalla Films which the Governor, Sir Robert Black will attend.

Now to this week's films:

★ I ONCE heard a wise man say, apropos Mussolini, when we have to lick that sort of thing (Fascism), we shall take on its likeness.

Well, in a way that seems true enough because before we did lick it, we had to regiment ourselves.

The trouble seems to be that somehow, the virus, Fascism, seems to have found a home in America, because what with books and films on these sadistic types, that is the only conclusion I can form.

"The Naked and the Dead," (Lee and Astor) balances the situation for us by taking a sadist of a general together with a sergeant of doubtful parentage, and shows what the will to power really means.

Of the two, the sergeant is the least vicious. He merely shoots unarmed prisoners, and Belsen fashion, stores up goods for their own use.

The Nietzschean General (Raymond Massey) is the sort of intellectual aristocrat with the uncompromising rigour of his ideal conception of man. Many think the characters are overdrawn, but I should hate to say so. After a fashion, I have met both types, both general and sergeant, and would postulate the premise that both types exist where society tolerates them.

The novel of the same name was written about ten years ago by Norman Mailer. Under the influence of the Allied victory, he assumed that in the long run, liberalism must triumph.

At the same time he carefully pointed out that the enemy we seek out is not necessarily in the ranks of the political enemy. Thus his carefully sketched portraits of the intellectual thug, author Mailer's General; and the primitive type, the Sergeant.

Here book and film part company. Liberalism is vaguely represented in "Lieutenant Hearn," who vigorously endures the sufferings of humanity in order that the producer can put the liberal theme over.

Such a theme, as you can see, would be laboured, but in fact it is sprinkled with the more interesting aspects of war, an artillery barrage, a fighting patrol; and other alarming excursions.

Now when a novel poses problems which the cinema cannot tidy up, it is much more difficult for a film producer to do so.

many. They called it "Victory in the West" and it was shown to the German soldiers who escaped that disaster, speak of it in almost Shakespearean terms as if it were another St. Crispian's day.

Somehow they persuaded Lieut. General Sir Brian Horrocks to introduce the film, and I shall deal with his speech in a moment.

Realising that a generation has grown up that knows not what it had been shot to, the word that has now entered the English language, Blitz means lightning; Krieg means war; the two together mean lightning war.

Why should the Germans show this film? Surely any nation that subscribes to "Blitzkrieg," should be heartily ashamed of itself.

To see a whole town go up in a blast, to see even shot to pieces, on a battlefield, might be romantic in Wagnerian sense. But when you know that the aftermath is shattered human bodies and hungry, crippled children, where is the glory of it all?

The British, with their characteristic chivalry, gave the film a showing. The French, the Dutch, and the Norwegians told them what to do with it.

The danger, as I see it, lies in German mentality. Most of

the film deals with Stalingrad, and I can assure you that the German soldiers who escaped that disaster, speak of it in almost Shakespearean terms as if it were another St. Crispian's day.

General Horrocks deals with this in his introduction. First there is that strong mood of self-pity about the film. Then who in the name of God started the whole frightful business?

Who flattened Amsterdam? Who rejoiced in Coventry? Who machine-gunned the terror-stricken refugees, a well-calculated point as a necessary operation to wipe Blitzkrieg?

What of Belsen? And the night of terror of the London Blitz? To tell with their self-pity, the Germans invented the Blitzkrieg. And when in turn they are given a taste of Blitzkrieg, they weep tears.

I shed mine long ago when the London school children paraded through the streets and concentrated in an effort to escape Blitzkrieg.

And the sooner the alien word Blitzkrieg is wiped out of the Oxford Dictionary, the better.

★ THE main criticism of "The Last Hurrah" seems to be that most of

the audience will wonder what it is about, whereas, most of the American audiences knew it if it wasn't about the late ex-Mayor James Michael Curley of Boston, it was about someone very like him.

"The Last Hurrah," now showing at the King's and Princess, is chiefly notable for another outstanding performance of Spencer Tracy.

This film has him as a snug smiling plausible rogue, which is more or less saying he is a professional politician.

Those who know not the way of American politics, save at second hand, will be interested in the "catching the Irish votes" policy.

Tracy is surrounded by as warm hearted a crowd of whimsical rogues as you would find in a fortnight of Sundays.

Hearty men, whiskey drinking men, with a tear for a Wake, and a smile for a triumph, as merry a crowd of leprechauns as will be found outside the walls of Sing Sing.

The henchmen are Pat O'Brien, James Gleason, and Edward Brophy, and these supporting roles are well played.

The film covers the incidents of their last election, when the snob opposition outplayed the Irish vote by using Irish tactics.

The film returns Basil Rathbone to the screen, and he is cast in his usual ruthless role against Tracy's warm hearted Irish rogue performance.

The big scene of the film has passed unnoticed by many critics. When the opposition candidate is making his TV appeal, backed by Rathbone and John Carradine, the TV camera is allowed to play upon the portrait of the Catholic Cardinal.

This infuriates the Irish side who realise the opposition has stolen their thunder.

The film comes out as a triumph for producer and director John Ford. Skillful always, he directs with sympathy for what is called the Robin Hood side represented by Tracy.

This is admitted by American critics, except that they claim that while the character Tracy represents certainly robbed, there was not much of the Robin Hood rob the rich to give to the poor about it.

This is lost on us in Hong-kong, and while I would not go so far as to say there is no corruption here, we know nothing of adding it with brass bands and holy pictures.

For which small mercy, let us be grateful.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Blitzkrieg." Skillfully compiled German documentary which proves that the terror tactics of "Lightning War" can strike back. Told with a certain amount of self pity and Wagnerian gloom. Starring Adolf Hitler as Wolfram.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Big Country." Top class Western, made in Technicolor and Technicolor. Has Gregory Peck as an Eastern-due, fighting "home on the range." Charlton Heston, for the flickle affection of Carroll Baker. Jean Simmons as the inevitable but beautiful Schoolmistress, with Burl Ives walking off with the film.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Last Hurrah." Spencer

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "I Want To Live." A harrowing film dealing skilfully with the career, and particularly with the execution, of "Bloody Babe," Barbara Graham, the Californian murderer. Do not see this unless you have strong nerves and a social conscience. No child or adolescent should be permitted to see this film. Susan Hayward, as Barbara Graham, gives her greatest performance.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Defiant Ones." Brutal film based on racial hatred. Bold, simple, and straightforward in its damning indictment of man's inhumanity to man. Tony Curtis (white) and Sidney Poitier (black).

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Man Inside." First rate thriller with the best background tune since "The Third Man." Has an

amateur diamond thief, Nigel Patrick, with a pathological urge to miser the HK \$42,000,000 Tyrannus Blue diamond. Also Jack Palance and Anita Ekberg.

LEE & ASTOR: "Fort Dobbs." Straightforward Western concerning tough hombre who is cleared of a murder charge and marries a reclusive widow. Ingredients familiar but vigorously mixed; hectic brushes with Indians and impressive vistas. Virginia Mayo and Clint (Cheyenne) Walker.

HOOVER & GALA: "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof." Elizabeth Taylor in a performance that places her head and shoulders above them all. Powerful dialogue lifted straight from Tennessee Williams' play. Homosexual in theme, powerful in performance, with magnificent co-starring roles from Paul Newman and Burl Ives. Metrocolor.

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

2ND TRIUMPHANT WEEK

NOW SHOWING THE 10th DAY!

4 SHOWS TO-DAY & TO-MORROW

Please note special times:

At 12.00 Noon, 3.00, 6.00 & 9.00 P.M.

THE MOST HONOURED PICTURE EVER!

1. Voted by "Film Daily" as ONE of the TEN BEST of 1958!!

2. "SUPERIOR" — Rating by "MOTION PICTURE HERALD"!!!

3. 2 NOMINATIONS FOR ACADEMY AWARDS!!!!



SPECIAL ADMISSION: Logs \$4.70, Back Stall \$3.50 Middle Stall \$2.40 & Front Stall \$1.70.

METROPOLE: To-morrow Morning Show At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS — At Reduced Prices

WINNER OF 7 ACADEMY AWARDS!

WILLIAM WYLLERS
WITH GREGORY PECK
AND CHARLTON HESTON
JACK HAWKES

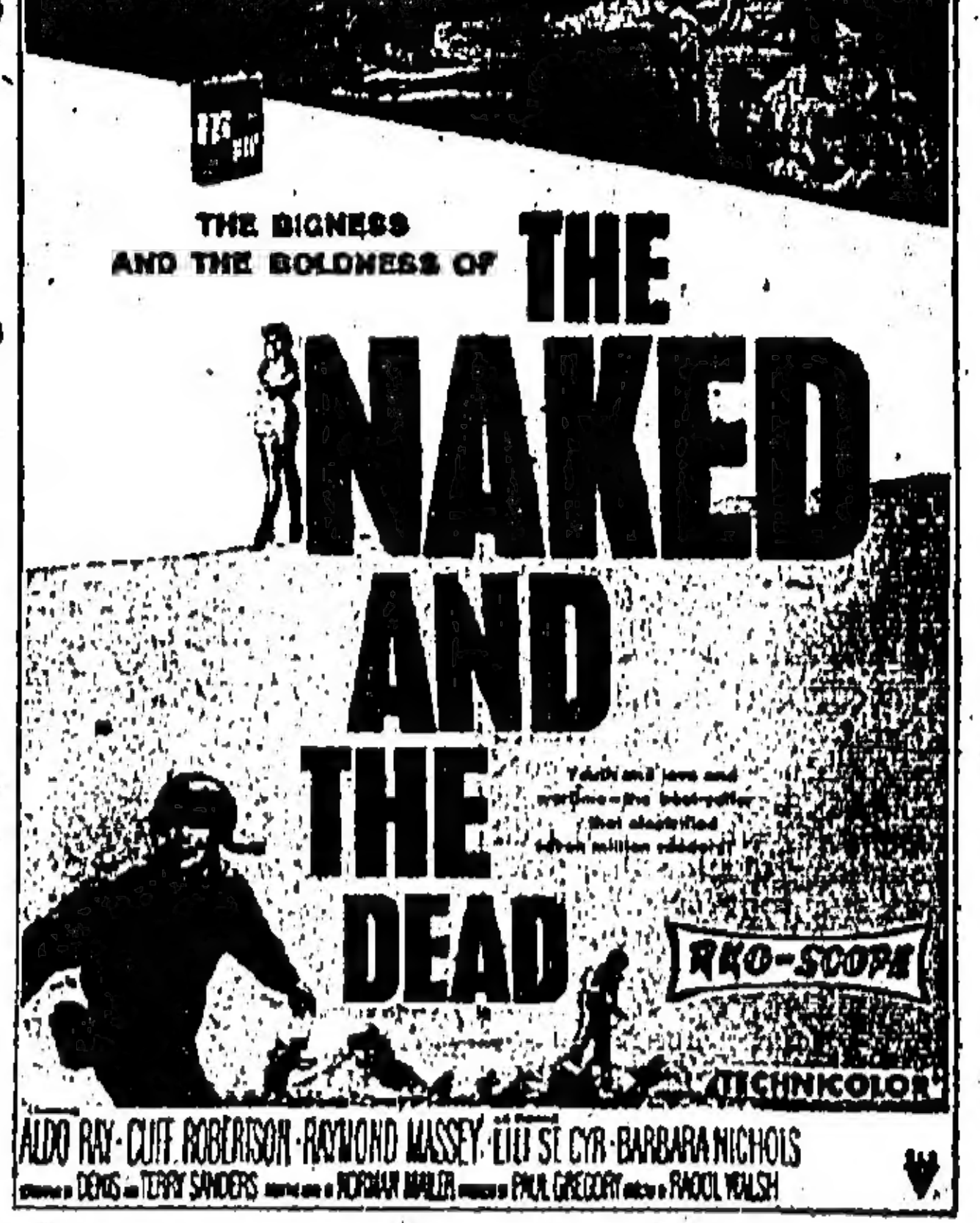


TO-MORROW — MORNING SHOW AT 12.15 a.m. "BLOWING WILD" Starring: Casey Cooper Barbara Stanwyck At Reduced Prices!

Lee Astor

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SHOWING TO-DAY
SPECIAL TIMES AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.



MORNING SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES
LEE THEATRE To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. ASTOR THEATRE To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS UNIVERSAL'S CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. At 12.30 p.m.
"MILITARY POLICEMAN" "COUNTRY GIRL"

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ACTION! as never seen before!



Distributed by British Lion Films

Special introduction by LT-GEN SIR BRIAN HORROCKS

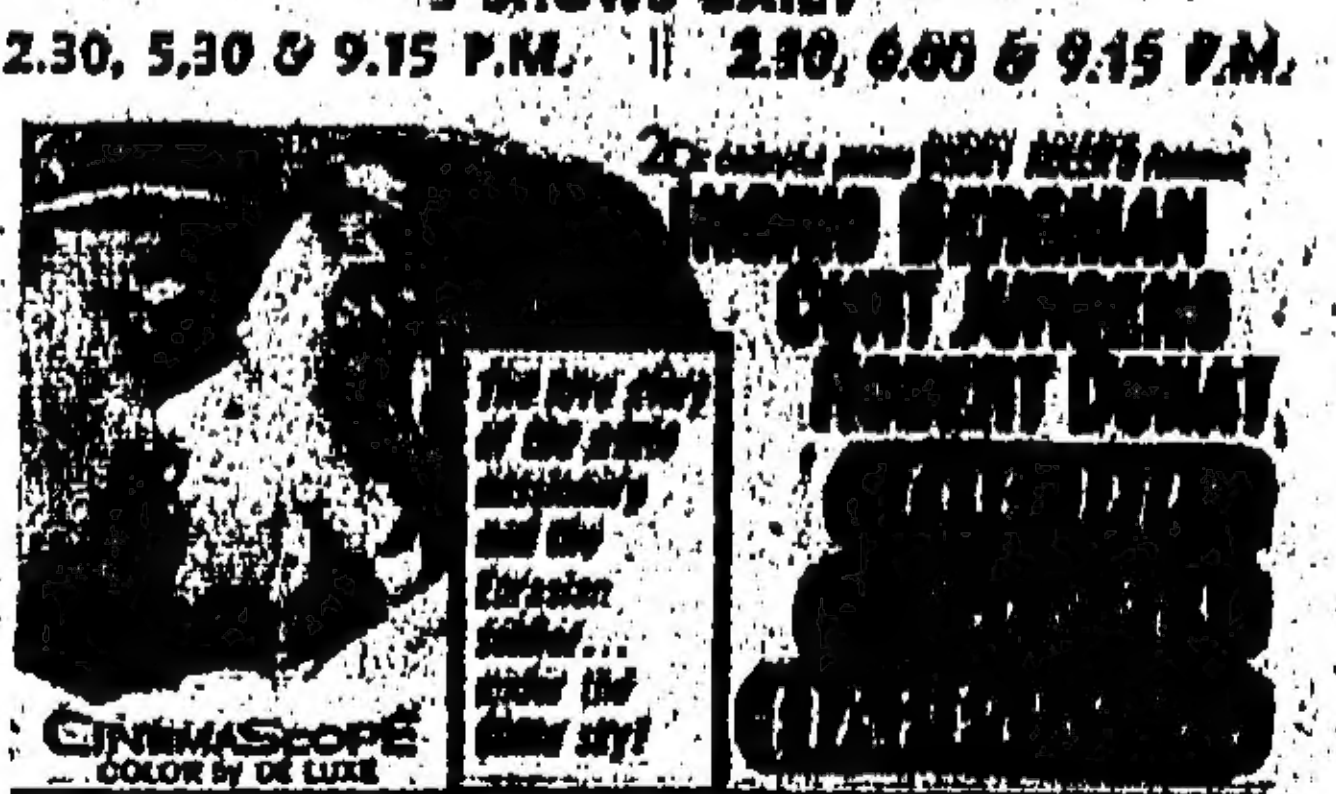
A 20th Century-Fox Release

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
Audrey HEPBURN in "LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON" Extra Performance of "BLITZKRIEG"

At Reduced Prices — At Usual Prices
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS — At Reduced Prices —

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY
Due to Length of Film, Please Note Change of Times!
3 SHOWS DAILY
2.30, 5.30 & 9.15 P.M. 2.30, 5.30 & 9.15 P.M.



TO-MORROW MONDAY 4 SHOWS —
11.45, 2.30, 5.30 & 9.15 12.00, 2.30, 6.00 & 9.15

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Price — 4/6
Satisfaction — Guaranteed
Open 11.15 AM

against fleas, bugs and other pest
remember:
"ROGON" is always best

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

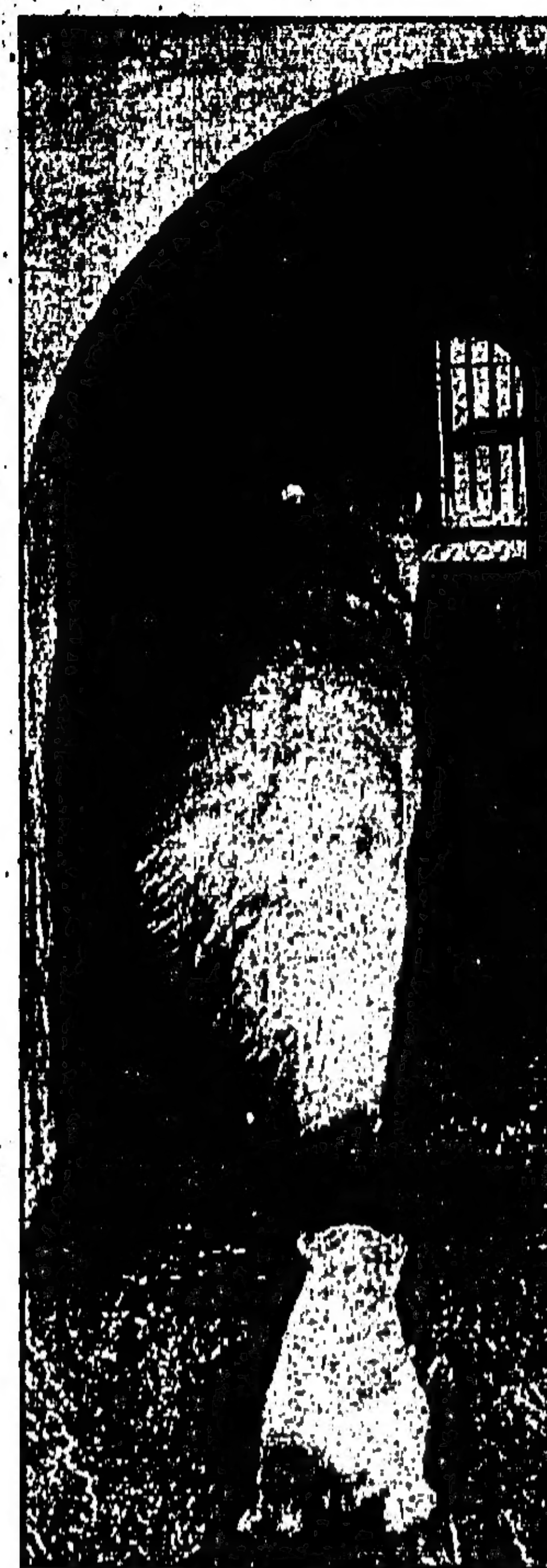
The Bristol Baby's First Dive



He's hesitant... but then Baby Bear of Bristol Zoo—first to be born and reared in Britain since Brumas—is only 15 weeks old. A first-ever plunge needs contemplation.



Well, water's all right. And splashing is fun. But this moment, when you crawl out with your fur all wet and clammy.....I don't care for it at all.



Dry now. Feeling fine. Mother thinks I've had enough for one day so I'm off to bed. But I'll be back. You bet. What's my name? Well, people have decided to call me Sebastian.

The Lapdogs' Days Are Numbered In Red Bloc

London.

THERE are fears that pet dogs may soon be crossing the Iron Curtain from East Germany as refugees from Communism.

For in Russia and Eastern Europe, a dog is more than just a pet. It should have its part in building socialism. Laika of Sputnik fame undoubtedly would take top honours. But there are plaudits enough for vigilant watchdogs, and Stakhanovite hunting dogs and faithful sheepherders.

Useless

The friendly but useless pets of children and the lapdogs of adults are those in trouble behind the Iron Curtain.

"A people's correspondent" in the East German Communist newspaper Berliner Zeitung recently rounded what may be the death knell for such pets. He complained that East Germans are buying meat, fish and milk for their pets. He said this was not only wasteful but also endangers the health of the people.

A survey by United Press International correspondents turned up a wealth of intriguing information about pets behind the Iron Curtain.

The Communists definitely frown on "useless" pets. But people are people. They still like to keep pets.

In East Germany, the main discouragement is a \$14-a-year license fee, the equivalent of many a worker's weekly wage.

Useful

But there is encouragement for the "useful" dog. It was reported some years ago that the "best dog of East district" got a \$250 award because it had "bravely killed" more than 300 wild boars and thus "contributed to saving the harvest."

In the days of food scarcity, you could spend hours in East Berlin or Leipzig and never see a non-working dog. But with

No Money

But for the ordinary man, there apparently isn't enough food or money to support pets in Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and Albania, the lesser satellites. Recent refugees from Czechoslovakia say rumours have been circulating there that many or most dogs are about to be confiscated, to be used where possible for state purposes as watchdogs and the like.

Poland, apparently is most liberal of the Communist states in its attitude to dogs. The dog tax is not stiff and anyone is allowed to keep a pet. The Polish Kennel Club's annual show is a big affair in Warsaw.

In fact, a pet may be a reward for service to the state. The law exempts all groups of people from paying the tax on dogs, including soldiers, farmers, certain state employers and the

Just Fancy That

San Mateo, Cal.

DAVE McKay scored a hole in one on the fourth green at the San Mateo municipal course, but he was playing the fifth hole at the time.

His tee shot on number five struck a tree, bounced high across the fairway, rolled up a rise and through a startled fountain, putting on the fourth green. Then it dropped into the hole. —U.P.I.

PERM WIFE BEGAN TO LOSE HER HAIR

London.

MRS SARAH STERN couldn't sleep for fear of waking up one morning completely bald. Her sleepless nights started three days after having a cold-set permanent wave. Her hair began to come out in handfuls.

This, Judge Malcolm Wright, QC, agreed, must have been distressing and embarrassing.

"We cannot overlook the fact that women have a peculiar sensitivity about their hair," he said at Westminster County Court.

Mrs Stern, 46, of Vernon House, Clapham, High Street, Clapham, was awarded £75 damages against the Clapham Beauty Parlour, of Lower Clapham Road, Clapham. She sued for £200. The beauty parlour admitted liability, but disagreed on the amount claimed.

Dark-haired Mrs. Stern, an insurance broker's wife who runs a delicatessen store, said that her hair was set at the parlour with a solution and she was left in a cubicle.

Still frizzy

"I have had cold-set perms before and was usually left for about six or seven minutes," she said. "But this time I was left for about 13 to 15 minutes."

During the next three days her scalp irritated. When she combed her hair, it came out in handfuls. "I had a bald patch at the front and in the middle of the back of my head," she said.

"As the days went on more hair came out. It was frizzy and stood right on end, whereas before it was naturally straight. It is still frizzy and dry."

Counsel for Mrs. Stern said: "The trouble here is that she was forgotten. This is a busy shop with a great number of cubicles."

Too Red

NEW YORK. Town board took quick action when firemen complained beauty-conscious residents were speaking hydrants hard to find.

The board ordered all vegetation and other obstructions removed from the bright red hydrants. —U.P.I.

HUSBAND GAVE WOLF WHISTLE IN HIS SLEEP

London.

A HUSBAND who gave a wolf whistle in his sleep drove his wife to such fits of jealousy that she suffered from insomnia, the president of the British Society of Medical Hypnotists, S. J. Van Pelt said recently.

Van Pelt said that the husband was in the habit of snoring and keeping his wife awake.

One night he broke his snores to make a noise like a wolf whistle.

After that, the wife couldn't sleep at all until she and her husband underwent a course of hypnotherapy—the wife to cure her jealousy, the husband to cure his snoring.

HYPNOTHERAPY

Van Pelt, writing in the British Journal of Medical Hypnotism, said that hypnotherapy would often do more good than surgery for women for mysterious backaches.

"Thousands of women have had unnecessary operations for unexplained backache which was more likely due to a desire to avoid sleeping with their husbands than to a slipped disc or some other fancy ailment," he said. —U.P.I.

MORE SITTING THAN SIPPING

Lisbon.

ONE of Lisbon's biggest coffee houses is going to close down because people are sitting more than they are sipping.

The Chave de Ouro cafe on Central Rocio Square is nearly always full, and its neat rows of tables for coffee drinking spread out over four floors. It has space for more than a thousand people.

Boys Leaving School Will Face Queues For The Dole

London.

FROM the classroom to the dole queue—that is the inevitable path for some children leaving school, says the Guide to Careers published recently by the National Union of Teachers.

There are just not the jobs for them, says the guide. Sir Ronald Gould, the union's general secretary, says: "The employment situation has worsened."

"In a large number of areas the days of jobs in plenty are gone. Worse still, in parts of England and Wales today school-leavers are experiencing at least temporary unemployment."

"Here is a real challenge to industry to 'pick up' with youngsters who are as good as, if not better than, any that have emerged from our schools for many a year."

Mr. Tudor David, assistant editor of Education, says it seems the demand for juvenile labour may be near capacity. But there are going to be more 16-year-olds than ever. In 1962 there will be 829,000 of them—63 per cent more than in 1952.

But it still is not doing enough business to encourage the owners to carry on. The cafe is going to shut soon after 23 years, and the building with its valuable location will be turned to other uses not yet announced.

The Latin habit of making one coffee stretch out over a whole evening is largely to blame. People sit at their favourite table, order one drink, and settle down for the evening.

Loss of the Chave de Ouro restaurant will be a blow to cafe society.

To many a Lisbon man his coffee house means as much as a club to a Londoner.

The Chave de Ouro has its regular schools of professional men, intellectuals, students, businessmen. They will move elsewhere, but there is a growing feeling that the day of the coffee house is dying.

Already the first quick service, swivel-stooled cafe-tarias have appeared. Their rapid turnover makes for bigger profits.

There are still five or six big coffee houses, but if they do eventually bow before modern trends their disappearance would leave a big gap in Lisbon life.

BATTLES

They have played a big part in the history of the capital. In the past political battles were fought between the adherents of different houses. Monarchists gathered at one, Republicans at another, Anarchists at a third, Socialists elsewhere.

The Chave de Ouro, which opened in 1936 came after the political period.

But it flourished in the World War Two epoch when Lisbon was one of the few free neutral capitals of Europe, and the cafes buzzed with spy talk.

Today it employs about 140 persons, many of them waiters dressed in formal black suits. There is nothing frivolous or skittish about the Lisbon coffee houses.

The are solidly respectable, but with coffee selling at one escudo, 25 cents a cup (about 11K 25 cents) and one coffee lasting all night the foundations are beginning to crumble. —U.P.I.

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Pianist: NICOLAS ASTRINIDIS

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother accompanied by Princess Margaret, visited the Queen's Own Hussars at Tidworth, Wiltshire and presented them with a new Guidon. The Queen's Own Hussars has been formed from the amalgamation of The 3rd King's Own Hussars and the 7th Queen's Own Hussars. Princess Margaret was the Colonel-in-Chief of the Kings and the Queen Mother was Colonel-in-Chief of the Queens. The Queen Mother is Colonel-in-Chief of the New Regiment. Seen is the Queen Mother inspecting the Regiment.

★

BELOW: A recent duty for the Soviet parliamentary delegation who visited Britain under the leadership of Suslov, secretary of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, was the traditional one of laying a wreath on the grave of Karl Marx in Highgate Cemetery, London. Wreath, naturally, was red. Seen is Suslov leading his delegation in homage to the founder of dialectic materialism.



ABOVE: Heroine of the two-day fight to save trapped undergraduate Neil Moss 1,000 feet below the surface of Derbyshire's Shivering Mountain was 18-year-old potholer June Bailey, slim, five-foot girl who twice crawled vainly down the 18-inch shaft in which he was trapped. When Flight-Lieutenant John Carter, RAF doctor who spent 22 hours at the top of the shaft, itself a 2½-hour crawl from the surface, finally pronounced Moss dead, June was getting ready for a third attempt, under instructions to break Moss's arms in order to extricate the body.



ABOVE: West End impresario David Peilham has taken the unprecedented—with a major star—step of sacking Florence Desmond from the cast of "Auntie Mame"—play based on Patrick Dennis's book and starring Beatrice Lillie. Immediate cause of the dismissal is the fact that Florence flew on holiday to the Bahamas while she was away from the show with a throat infection—and didn't tell Peilham. But for some time rumours of bad feeling between the two stars have been mounting—Florence should have taken over the lead at the end of Bea Lillie's six-month contract, was disappointed when she stayed out; and she was also annoyed when Bea did rather too much of her act on a "This Is Your Life" programme of which Florence was the subject. Seen is Beatrice Lillie (right) and Florence Desmond a few weeks ago.



ABOVE: Mr. J. M. Nkomo, President of the Southern Rhodesian African National Congress, said at a press conference in London recently, that the report of African massacre plots in Nyasaland was "a cunning frame-up to cover the killing of innocent Africans and the withdrawing of human rights." He intended to ask the Government to veto certain Bills before the Southern Rhodesian Legislature, including those which would outlaw certain organisations and make insolence to Government officers an offence.



ABOVE: Big premiere recently was of a thriller set in Cardiff's dockland, the notorious area that gives its name to the film—"Tiger Bay." Stars were John Mills—as a policeman; and German Horst Buchholz as a Polish seaman killer; but grabbing all the headlines, and stealing most of the scenes was the actress the film introduces—John Mills' own 12-year-old daughter, enchanting Hayley Mills (above).

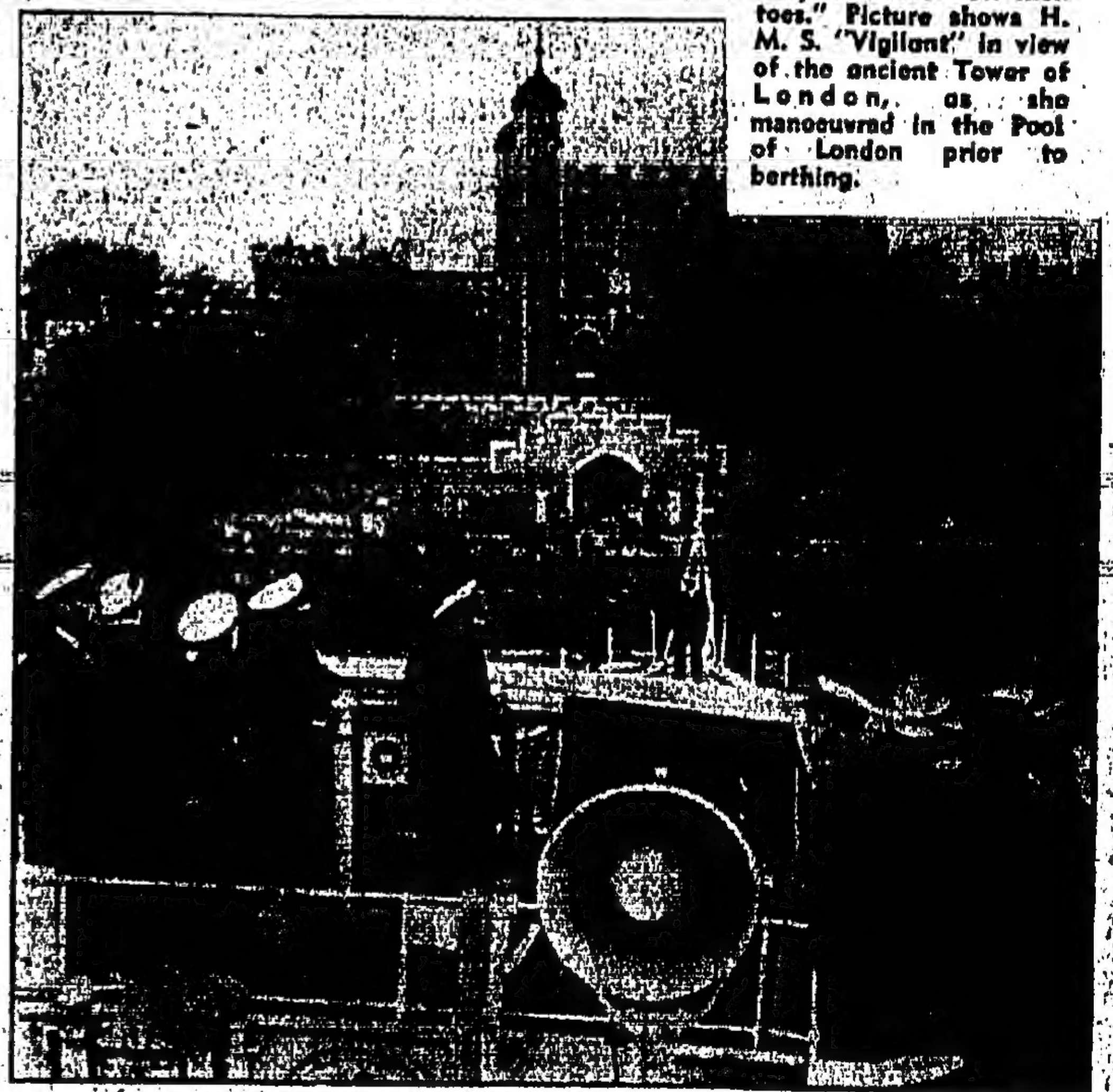
★



LEFT: While the recent Grand National steeplechase was sparking off a worse than usual attack from MPs, the League Against Cruel Sports, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Horses, the winner, 8-1 Oxo, came home in triumph to his stables at Royston, Hertfordshire. Seen is Oxo arriving home in Royston.

★

BELOW: Five ships of the Royal Navy's Training Squadron arrived in the Pool of London recently, bringing with them over 700 officers, ratings, cadet and midshipmen from the navies. The Squadron carried out anti-submarine exercises en route to London to keep members "On their toes." Picture shows H. M. S. "Vigilant" in view of the ancient Tower of London, as she manoeuvred in the Pool of London prior to berthing.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREE'S

TIRO
THE MILK CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT!

The story so far: John Byrne, MP, has been passed over for office in the new Socialist Government. After his wife leaves him he falls in love with a photographic model, Pauline West. At the House he meets Renfrew, the intriguer, the power behind the "ginger group" of Socialist MPs, of which Byrne is chairman.

NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE

Showdown: and the P.M. steps in

"WHAT do you know about the Masran Oasis?" Renfrew asked, his head bobbing and ducking on his thin shoulders. "Nothing much. There was oil trouble there a couple of years ago, wasn't there?" Byrne wanted to walk away down to the terrace and sit awhile to think about Pauline.

"Masran Oasis is governed nominally by the Sheikh of Masran," said Renfrew pedantically, ducking and grinning. "Butterfield's old boy he is. You know, haven't you? He's a couple of Caidat's. Death to all criminals by public execution after he's enjoyed a little private torture."

"The British Government stepped in and ordered him to be more democratic. A rough-and-ready elected assembly was formed, in which the People's Progressive League won a majority."

"And now I hear that the Sheikh is moving to disband the assembly, unseat the Progressive League, imprison the leaders and return to the old ways."

Use troops

"What is our Government doing?"

Renfrew grinned more broadly than ever.

"The P.M. has agreed to send two battalions of airborne troops from Cyprus to help maintain order."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning," of course, to help the Sheikh destroy a democratically elected assembly."

"But why?"

"Famine. Fear that Saudi Arabia might move in with backing from the American oil companies."

Despite himself, Byrne's mind was racing ahead working out the possibilities. "This sort of thing resented pretty on the conference of Socialist back-benchers."

The old imperialism, suppression of democracy in favour of the all-wise Sheikh, the phrases slipped into his mind automatically.

by
WILFRED FIENBURGH

"This may be the issue we were waiting for," Renfrew said. "It has come sooner than we expected. Problem is, how do we exploit it?"

Byrne turned over the possibilities. The main objective was to cause as much embarrassment to the Government with as much publicity as possible.

He could put a question down for the P.M. to answer. But, if the P.M. wanted to avoid an answer, his Parliamentary Private Secretary could quietly arrange for a few back-benchers to put out the previous questions with large numbers of supplementaries and points of order, so that the end of questions would come before his question had been reached.

Resentful

The other course was to get agreement to put a private-notice question to the P.M. on the following day. It could hardly be refused, because the matter was obviously urgent.

"Private-notice question, I think," Byrne said.

Renfrew nodded and pulled a sheet of paper from his briefcase. "I thought so, too. So I've jotted down a form of words."

Byrne was quietly resentful. Renfrew was always too quick with his form of words. He took the paper.

"Wednesday, June 13. Question to the Prime Minister of

private notice has been given. To ask the Prime Minister to make a statement on recent developments in the Masran Oasis and the Sheikhdom of Masran."

"But hold," Byrne said. Renfrew had an answer ready. "It will give you a chance to put a more powerful supplementary question. I will exchange with some of our people to follow up with further supplementaries. The Tories will jump in to exploit the situation."

"Then the row is beginning to die down, you get up and move the adjournment of the House so that the matter can be debated at seven o'clock as a matter of urgency. You will then have the platform for a major speech, early enough to catch the morning papers."

Excited

Byrne nodded. He pulled out his pen and scribbled his full signature, John Frederick Byrne, on the bottom of Renfrew's typescript. Renfrew took it from him and folded it, smiling broadly.

"I'll set the wheels in motion," he said.

Byrne was by now excited. The prospects were good. He went into the Library to read all the he could about Masran.

Then he turned up some of the speeches the Prime Minister had made on the Middle East situation when he was Leader of the Opposition. He copied out a few passages to throw at the Prime Minister in the debate.

They were on to a winner. There was going to be a huge and steaming row, a major parliamentary occasion.

British troops used for suppression of democracy in Middle East. Socialist Prime Minister betrays democracy. It was very good indeed.

His photograph would be in the morning papers. It might be a good idea to plant the rumour that he had been offered office but had refused to serve under Stevens.

"John Byrne, who it is rumoured refused office in the

new Government, today launched a powerful attack on the Prime Minister."

But when he met Pauline for lunch the Masran Oasis receded. Byrne found himself talking to her quietly and naturally.

"I won't press you," he said. "If it is to be a coffee and a lunch from time to time, I'll be happy. If... if anything more should grow out of this, I'll be happier still. But it's for you to decide. I love you too much to want you to—to feel that I am trying to force you into anything."

When he went back to the House a messenger gave him a note.

It was from the Prime Minister's Parliamentary Private Secretary, Esmond Johnson. It was brief and to the point: "Be glad if you could see me after Questions, Johnson."

He found Johnson in the small office leading to the Prime Minister's room. Johnson rose as Byrne entered.

"Johnnie," he said, "good of you to come. The P.M. wanted me to have a word about this private-notice question."

Byrne sat down.

"I'm pretty asking for a statement. I see no reason why the P.M. should not keep the House informed as he goes along."

Johnson's affability disappeared.

"You know what you're doing well doing," he almost shouted. "You're trying to create the maximum trouble and difficulty for the Party."

Carry on

Byrne leaned forward. "I'm trying to see that the Party isn't bulldozed into something that will betray its principles," he said, and for a moment almost believed himself.

Johnson snorted. Byrne stood up to leave.

"Would you like to talk it over with the P.M.?" Johnson asked.

Byrne stood at the door and shrugged. Johnson almost ran into the Prime Minister's room.



"This may be the issue we were waiting for," said Renfrew.

After a moment he reappeared holding the door open.

"He'll see you now," he said, and stepped aside to let Byrne pass.

The Prime Minister held out his hand across the big oval conference table and waited to one of the heavy chairs.

"This question," he said, gazing absently out of the window, "is, of course, arranged to avoid it."

"You can," Byrne said, "but it would leave the facts as they are—and on the facts I have I would issue a Press statement."

"What facts have you?"

Byrne watched him closely as he answered: "That you propose to send two battalions of airborne troops to help the Sheikh of Masran destroy the Democratic Assembly."

"I would interpret the move in a different way," the Prime Minister said. "The People's Progressive League is financed by Moscow, with a bit on the side from Syria."

"There is a feeling that they were about to oust the Sheikh and establish a political link with Syria. Saudi Arabia would then move in to prevent the link and anything could happen."

"I think the Party might accept my interpretation rather than yours," Byrne said slowly. The P.M. was sitting hunched over the table.

"Perhaps so, perhaps not. Then looking up suddenly, 'So you press on with the question,'

Byrne stood up. "I'm sorry, but I must."

"Where did you get your information?"

Byrne smiled, shook his head and turned. The Prime Minister stood up and took his elbow.

guiding him gently to the door. Byrne thought, he is going to insist to my loyalty to the Party, ask for time, ask me to think again. But the Prime Minister just said:

"Nice to have seen you. Thanks for coming," and then, before the door was closed between them, he spoke again.

"How's your wife?" he said.

"Very well," Byrne answered automatically, and looked round quickly, but the door had closed. He was astonished at the question. The P.M. had never met his wife, probably never even heard of her.

In a rage

Johnson, the P.P.S., looked up from his desk as the door closed.

"So you are going to go on with it?" he asked.

Byrne nodded.

Johnson wearily started to fill his pipe. "May I say something I've wanted to say to you ever since you came to the House?"

You are the most unimpaired, grasping and self-important bastard I have ever met in a lifetime's politics. Good day."

Out in the corridor Byrne had to fight hard to hold his rage. That was what they thought of him. I'll show them, the bastards, I'll show them. He was almost sobbing with rage.

He telephoned Pauline to say that he would be busy. She was disappointed. Then he went back to the Library to work on his speech.

MONDAY:

MOMENT OF DECISION

—London Express Service.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

SCIENTISTS all over the world are asking why Dr Strabismus (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht seems to have dropped out of the race to the moon.

The sage who, as Professor Hiram D. Tiedepicker of Argotib (Pa.) said, knows his onions was, of course, discouraged by a series of misadventures — particularly the near-miss which landed his rocket balloon at Worthing. But he is said to be at work on yet another device, called the Moonsecker. It is a conglomerate of rockets, 734 in number, each of which propels the other. Number 734, with nothing to propel it, falls off as soon as the earth's gravity is outwitted. It is too early to go into details, as the actress said when the financier rang her up at 4 a.m. to ask why she had pawned the flora he gave her.

Here, there and everywhere

A MAN wearing a rubber hat is to attempt to bounce on his head from Headwath to Hatfield.

730,322 TONS of canvas were sold in England during 1937—enough to make ear-flaps for 93 per cent of the wild animals in Chile.

A GROCER who repaired the roof of a hen-house with biscuit was denounced by the Council for destroying the amenities of the district.

A generous offer

THE tourist who got into trouble because he insisted on driving the taxi he had hired in Piccadilly reminded me of an old story of Tristram Bernard, the French wit.

Bernard asked a taxi-driver, "How much to the Rue Tait-bou?" "One hundred francs," said the driver. "Jump in," said Bernard. "I'll drive you there myself for 50."

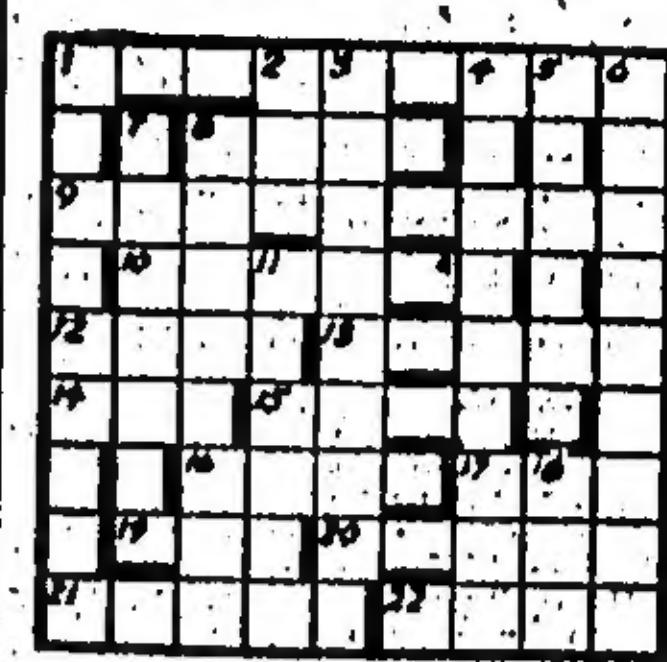
Without comment

SHE didn't think that the National Milk Marketing Board would approve of a new hair-style. They happily gave their approval, provided she has done up the latest milk method, using full dairy milk in the lotion.

(News Item.)

—London Express Service.

CROSSWORD



Across

1. Baker booth (5-6)
2. Ornamental bird (4)
3. Top class (5)
4. Downy (5)
5. Large inn (5)
6. Space of time (5)
7. Daze (3)
8. King of the sun (5)
9. Baker's delivery (5)
10. Villain (5)

Down

1. Long-mouthed (5)
2. Home of 10 Acres (5-6)
3. Season of ignorance (1, 4, 4)
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Lennox-Boyd's Bombshell.

London. ONE of the big bombshells

She Had Visions —And Found A New Food

I PRESENT the bizarre story of a religious practice to which almost every family in the Western World has been converted since 1900. A practice which the children, above all, devoutly observe.

I refer to the practice of eating cornflakes for breakfast. Did you watch your family munching away this morning? Did you watch your boy groping for the plastic toy inside the carton?

There may not have seemed anything very religious about it all to you. Yet it was a religious sect—oddly aided by believers in dress reform, spiritualism, and free love—which started that big gay cardboard box on its journey to your breakfast table.

The story is now told for the first time in an enthralling new book, *CORNFLEAK CRUSADE*, by Gerald Carson. It begins with a plump, square-jawed little woman kneeling on the floor of a farmhouse in Michigan.

The date was 1863. Sister Ellen White, leading Seventh Day Adventists, was in the midst of her most remarkable trance.

Angel's orders

At open-air meetings of that revivalist sect, Sister White's preaching voice could be heard for a mile. But now she muttered. In the trance her lips moved.

For an hour she passed on the instructions which she could hear an angel giving her. The angel was almost exclusively concerned with diet. Though Sister White the Adventist was told to eat only two meals a day, to avoid meat eating (on the grounds that it encouraged animal lust), to rely on fruits, vegetables, and cereals.

The angel's ideas, mind you, were not entirely new. For years in America wheat-eating had been denounced by all kinds of reformers, including even the advocates of free love. But Sister White spread the ideas which would lead to the diet she had the Adventists chewing at nuts and cereals.

And soon she had another vision. The sect was instructed to set up a sanatorium at Battle Creek for third Adventists who would benefit from the new diet.

At the sanatorium the Adventists were greeted with all the latest progressive cures. They were plunged in cold water baths. They were stuffed with oatmeal pudding.

Sister White also saw a vision of a new sort of bloomers which God wished Adventist ladies to wear. She sold patterns for the inspired design at a dollar each. She also had visions about her rivals, inside the Adventist movement. In chapel one day she declared: "That woman who sat down a short time since near the door claims that God has called upon her to preach. She is travelling with a young man. God has shown to me that she and this young man are going to visit the Seventh Commandment."

But in Battle Creek, Sister White had a further inspiration which has changed the tastes of all of us. Her sanatorium was doing well, but she decided that it could do better. She realised that it needed a qualified medical man in charge.

Her choice fell upon a youth from Battle Creek. His father, a brush maker, was so ardent an Adventist that for some years he did not bother to educate the boy at all—on the grounds that the Lord's second appearance was due so soon that there was little point in anyone learning to read or write.

But Sister White took the boy in hand. She had him sent to medical school. He became a proficient doctor and surgeon. Then he came back to run Battle Creek's Sanatorium.

His name was John Harvey Kellogg.

Let us now turn to young Dr. Kellogg himself, the second character in this extraordinary drama.

The doctor quickly had the sanatorium running on most attractive lines. So attractive that railroad kings and other new millionaires were numbered among his patients.

For health purposes he had laughing sessions in the sanatorium gym.

Once at Thanksgiving, he served music-lucky meals from nuts and cereals.

Then a coop was brought in containing a live turkey and inscribed "A thankful turkey." Asked the doctor passionately: "How can you eat a thing that looks out of eyes?"

—by
**ROBERT
PITMAN**

patients happy on the old cereal dishes. Porridge was not suitable for the Michigan climate. All he could offer was either hard biscuit or mush. After months of experiment with rollers and heating processes, he at last produced crisp wheat flakes.

Enter Mr Post

At this point a second man enters the story. His name—Charley Post. Just came to Battle Creek as a patient with stomach trouble. He had been in business. He had invented a patent kind of braces. But because of ill-health he was broke. While he stayed under the doctor's care his wife peddled Post braces to maintain the family.

The doctor did not confer health on Post, but he gave him inspiration. Charley took up spiritualism and set up as a healer himself. He also set up a small factory in Battle Creek which turned out not only braces but also a cereal mock-coffee of a type which he had seen Kellogg making.

Post called it Postum. By massive advertising he convinced himself that Postum would save them from blindness and debility induced by ordinary coffee.

For the summer market he used up his raw materials for a breakfast food which still harked on Adventist religious themes—he first called it *Elijah's Manna*.

Instantly there were cries of sacrifice. Post changed the name to "Post Toasties."

Within seven years he was a dollar millionaire.

What of Dr. Kellogg?

Though he marketed wheat and corn flakes in a modest way, big business was not for him. But sympathetically was for his young brother, W. K. Kellogg.

For years quiet, bespectacled W. K. had been kept working hard at a small salary by the doctor. Sometimes, when the doctor went cycling for exercise, he made W. K. run behind him to take dictated notes. But now, in his forties, W. K. strode out. He persuaded the doctor to set up a separate cornflakes company, then edged him out of control.

Soon W. K. Kellogg—with his signature, not the doctor's, on the cornflake boxes—was a millionaire several times over.

And so the instructions of Sister White's angel bore golden fruit. But Post did not last it for long. Despite all his health foods, the stomach pains which first brought him to Battle Creek drove him to what clearly seemed to be suicide by shooting.

As for the Kelloggs, they did not leave all the basic animal instincts behind with meat-eating. They hated each other. W. K. despised his brother's taste for publicity (at an advanced age the old, bearded man printed and signed to and fro in white tank-tops and white girth-belts to impress Press photographers).

They engaged in law-suits against each other to the end.

Which you may think is a better recommendation for cereal boxes than all the plastic toys put together.

London Express Service.

FOR MEN—THE GOAL IS FITNESS ON A GOLDEN BEACH

Would you like to become a new man in four weeks?

What sort of a figure will you cut on the beach this summer? Will you be the slim, lithe, and fit man every girl on the beach will look at? Or, plump and flabby, will you spend your time skulking shamefully behind a rock? If so, never despair. Begin today the China Mail doctor's course that will lead to zestful living. The course lasts four weeks. At the end of it you will see a new image in your shaving mirror.



DON'T move! Stay just as you are! This is April—the wild, mild month of spring.

The point is what position are we in? Sitting straight-backed in an upright chair breathing scientifically and elegantly through the nose.

Or... and dare you deny it... lying elbow deep in an arm-chair, a cat's cradle of limp limbs.

Yet we are the people who, when we clean our teeth to-night, will flinch at the mirror over the washbasin and avert our eyes from the slightly egg-shaped reflection in the full-length looking-glass in the bedroom as we go to bed.

THE FIDDLERS
For we are the fiddlers while Rome is burning. We are the minut dancers on the eye of Waterloo.

One more suggestion of a heat wave and we will be wondering how we will ever have the nerve to lie three-quarters naked and unshowered on a summer beach again.

The battle against middle age is on. We are all involved in it. It's either lurking round the corner, slipping us on the back, or has moved in permanently, bag, baggage, and double chin.

This is the time of year when we all make our ineffectual counter-attack. We collect our gummy strength to battle with the bedroom window, breathe as deeply as we dare without inflating any real pain, stumple secretly over a skipping-rope, and quarrel with the water because there is dressing on the green salad.

What a waste of time it is! In your mind's eye is still the image of a slim figure, the dashing blade of the tennis courts, the sun-golden, lifeless smile of summer.

And yet the first pretty girl we meet on the beach this summer will take one glance at the battlefield of our waistline, avert her eye and ask: "Don't you find it rather quiet here in the evenings?"

THE QUESTION
That is what will happen so long as we sit in our arm-chairs, middle age ill-trained, unarmed and uninspired.

Now, when spring is almost here and the summer is already on your holiday list, is the time to fight.

Follow a few simple principles and four weeks from now you can have fought and won.

Just four weeks—that's all it will take.

First of all catch your doctor at a moment when he's not smuttering about the flu epidemic and get a check over.

It is almost certain he will tell you that you are a fine example of your generation... short of breath, an inclination towards ovality and a slight muddy tinge overshadowing the rosy complexion of youth.

Complete with the surety that you are plain, normally unfit, you are ready for the battle. And the first thing is exercise.

The question is how much exercise and what sort. On one hand muscles, the few you've got left, must not be allowed to work to that point of fatigue which does harm.

On the other they should not become so flabby that they cannot do extra work when summoned to do so.

All sorts of minor ailments: lumbago, fibrositis, even chest pains, abdominal cramps, and slipped discs, may be traced to years of muscle inactivity.

Lying elbow deep in an arm-chair, a cat's cradle of limp limbs...

man who said: "I never stand when I can sit, and never sit when I can lie down," is asking for trouble—kidney stones, for example.

But it is not necessary to go through this arms stretch, whoops, knees bend, doctor-it's killing-me routine to avoid such ills.

First, how old are you? Remember muscular strength reaches its zenith by the late twenties. That's why people over 35 should refrain from very energetic exercises unless they do them regularly for years, and are in training for them.

So forget the knees bending and the arms stretching. Do something you can boast about.

IT'S EASIER
First, you want your battle-ground. That consists of just an extra half an hour every morning.

FOUR D. JONES...
ALL IS QUIET—THE THREE WORKERS SLEEP PEACEFULLY... WHILE THE CAUCASUS PLAY AMONG THE AMIES...
...AND THE KLAMATH PREPARE FOR THE ATTACK...
RIGHTY KID! LET'S GET CHARGING—READY?
JUST SAY THE WORD (CHIEF),
CHARGE! DOWN WITH THE WORKERS!!



FERD'NAND
By Milk



BRICK BRADFORD
By Paul Norris



Digging, grass cutting, an early morning swim—it doesn't matter what you do so long as you get your creaking lungs and limbs into action.

In four weeks' time you will be years younger.

But that is not your only exercise for the day.

For the next four weeks you must spend one hour in every 24 walking. It doesn't matter where or when, but until you have come to regard your car or a bus with contempt you might as well face the fact that you are prematurely middle-aged.

In four weeks' time the extra small change you have to carry around might inconvenience you and the fact that the local bus has been taken off because of lack of trade might bring in some abuse from the indolent, but does this concern you, compared with the joy of snatching back the squandered years?

Reorganise your office. Instead of making the office boys climb the stairs and the executives ride in the lift, be selfish, think of yourself and confine the stairs to men like yourself who have so much to lose.

SO BEARABLE
Do all these things and look in the mirror next Saturday morning. Your eyes will be brighter, your complexion will be clearer than you can remember.

And that's just the beginning. In four weeks' time you will be as fit as you look.

There is no modern drug or treatment to bring the fresh air back into your body. Only exercise can do it.

Exercise by itself is boring and no intelligent man will stand being bored. He would rather have an extra half-hour in bed.

But give yourself something to swank about on the way to work. You may well become impossible to all those posh-faced characters about you, but how bearable you will be to your family on holiday this year.

NEXT WEEK
How to be happy—and healthy
—London Express Service.

WALKING, TOO
In four weeks' time your blisters will have gone, you will have the handshake of a wrestler.

And does it really matter if your wife complains that she can't see the trees for the wood?

JACOBY on BRIDGE

South's Squeeze Study Benefits

SUB Camp of Wichita Falls sent me today's hand with the comment: "I have been reading a lot about squeezes lately and apparently the reading is beginning to pay off. Anyway, I made the grand slam."

"John Emery's bids of four and five clubs were the Gerber convention and my spade bids showed two aces and two kings to be gambled on the grand slam."

"I saw 12 top tricks and only a squeeze could produce the 13th for me. Web's opening lead indicated that he probably would be long in diamonds and I decided to check that right away. Three diamond leads confirmed this. East discarded a heart and I a spade."

"The heart discard was most instructive. Apparently East

NORTH 23	
AK42	
K3	
AQ72	
QJ7	
WEST	
QJ8	1053
93	10504
J1084	63
042	853
EAST	
1053	
J10504	
63	
853	
SOUTH (D)	
070	
AQ67	
K5	
AK109	
North and South vulnerable	
South	West
1 N.T.	Pass
4	Pass
5	Pass
6	Pass
7 N.T.	Pass
8	Pass
9	Pass
10	Pass
11	Pass
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Opening lead—♦ J

was long in hearts. Next I ran off four clubs. On the fourth club lead West discarded a diamond, dummy a spade and East had to let go a spade to hang on to his four hearts.

"Now three heart leads squeezed West. He had to throw a spade also in order to keep the ten of diamonds. Dummy's seven of diamonds had done its work. I threw it away and made the last three tricks with the ace, king and four of spades."

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 N.T. Pass 2 N.T. Pass
3 Pass 3 N.T. Pass

You, South, hold:
AQ985 ♠ 2 4 5 ♠ KJ86
What do you do?

A—Pass. Your partner has heard your warning against no-trump and has gone to three no-trump anyway. Assume he knows what he is doing.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Again you open one spade and your partner responds two no-trump. This time you hold:
AQ985 ♠ KJ86 ♠ KJ86
What do you do?
Answer on Monday

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ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Trevor Thorpe pose for our photographer shortly after their marriage at St Teresa's Church on Monday. The bride is the former Miss Irene Matto, a Hongkong Airways stewardess. The groom is Operations Officer of the Hongkong Civil Aviation Department.

★
RIGHT: Polled with rice and confetti are Mr and Mrs Ramon Loji Him as they walk down the aisle at St Margaret's Church after their wedding on Monday. The bride is the former Miss Flora Hui Oi-wah. The groom is a merchant from Mexico.



ABOVE: Little Stephen Lenard Travis poses for the photographer in his mother's arms shortly after his christening at St Joseph's Church recently. He is the son of Mr and Mrs L. J. Travis. On the left is Mrs M. A. Ferras.



ABOVE: Lady Black, wife of the Governor, arriving at the ball given by the Commanding Officer and Officers, Royal Air Force, at Kai Tak, recently. Lieut-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan, Commander, British Forces, is second from left.



BELOW: Mr Chan Shu-woon lays the foundation stone of the new Eastern Athletic Association Pavilion at Laichikok recently. Standing on the right is Mr Chen Kem-for.

★
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ABOVE: The Consul-General of the Republic of Korea and Mrs Kang Choon-hee were recently hosts to more than 300 guests at a reception held at the American Club to celebrate. The Consul-General (right) is seen here greeting a guest.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs R. A. da Silva gave a cocktail party for Mr Brice Somers, director of the Mercury Record Corporation, at the Club de Recreio recently. Mr Brice (centre) is seen chatting with guests. Mr da Silva is at right.

★
LEFT: Chatting to students is Sir Robert Black, the Governor, during his recent visit to the Chung Chi College recently. In centre is Mr K. J. Attwell, Acting Deputy Director of Education.

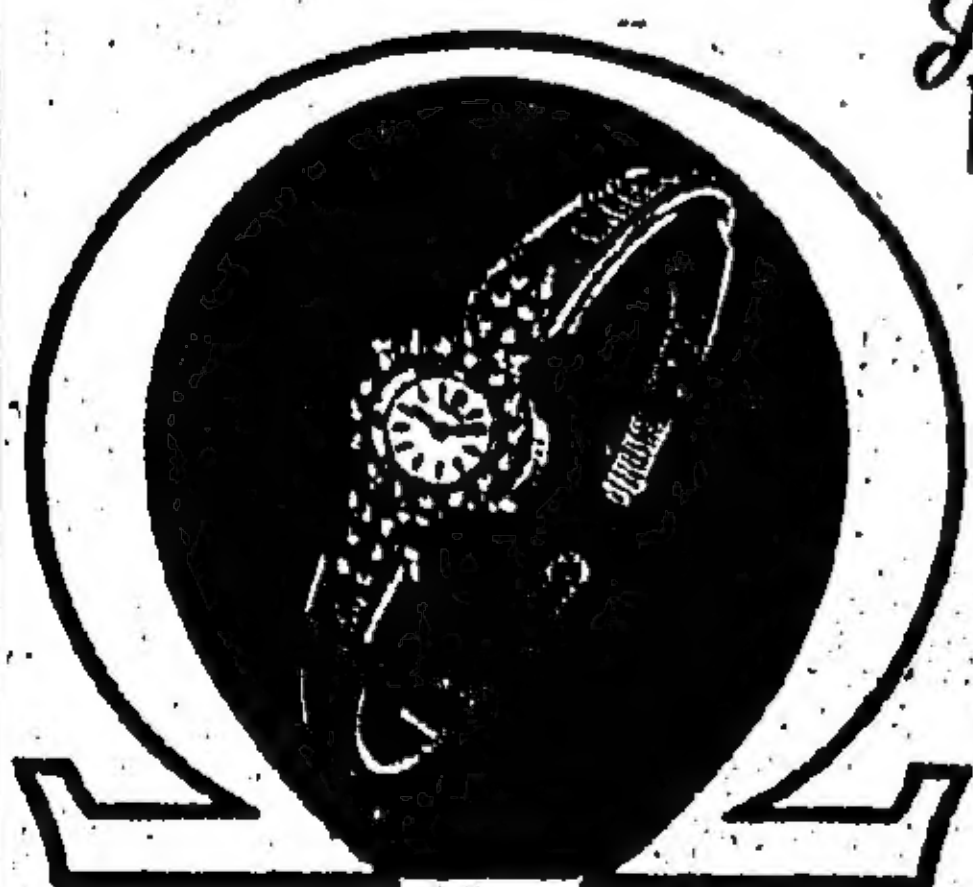
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BELOW: Mr W. Stirling King, a Director of the Christian Children's Fund, Inc., poses with some small girls at the playground of the Fanling Babies' Home recently. Mr King is here on a world inspection tour of CCF orphanages.



BELOW: Mr and Mrs Wilkie Wai-kay Wu shortly after their wedding at the Hop Yat Church on Monday. The bride is the former Miss Trivina Wai-tuen Wong. The groom is Co-operative Officer of the Hongkong Government Co-operative and Marketing Department.

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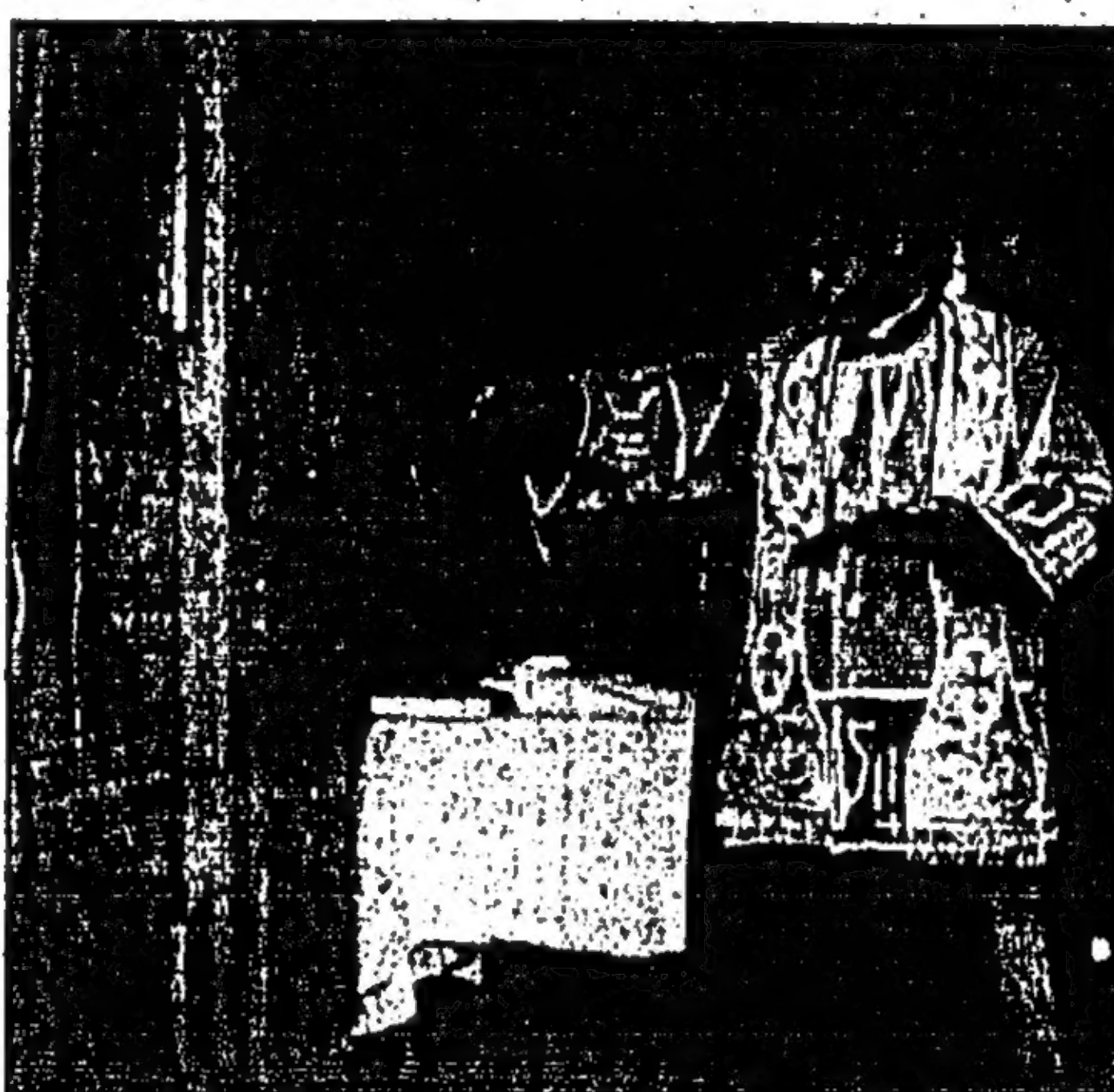


ABOVE: Seven pretty Japanese models left by QEA for Sydney recently to model fashions for a large department store there. They are (l-r) Misses Akiko Kojima, Sana Miyawaki, Yoshiko Harada, Takako Kimura, Harumi Hosayawa, Reiko Komatsu and Luna Sakai.

RIGHT: Mrs J. Zwan (left) gave a demonstration of Dutch pea soup cooking recently at a meeting of the YWCA. Others are Mrs H. Egberink and Mrs F. Drake.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Chan Ting-kwok after their marriage at Kowloon Church recently. The bride was the former Miss Grace Yan-chi Wong.



ABOVE: Msgr. Lawrence Bianchi, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, laying the foundation stone of the new St Clare's School at Mt Davis Road recently.

★ ★ ★
★ BELOW: Mr and Mrs Roy Kilvert shortly after their wedding at St Andrew's Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Lesley Jean Tipple.



ABOVE: Mr John M. Staaves, new Consul-General for the United States at Hongkong seen speaking to newsmen shortly after his arrival in Hongkong on Saturday.

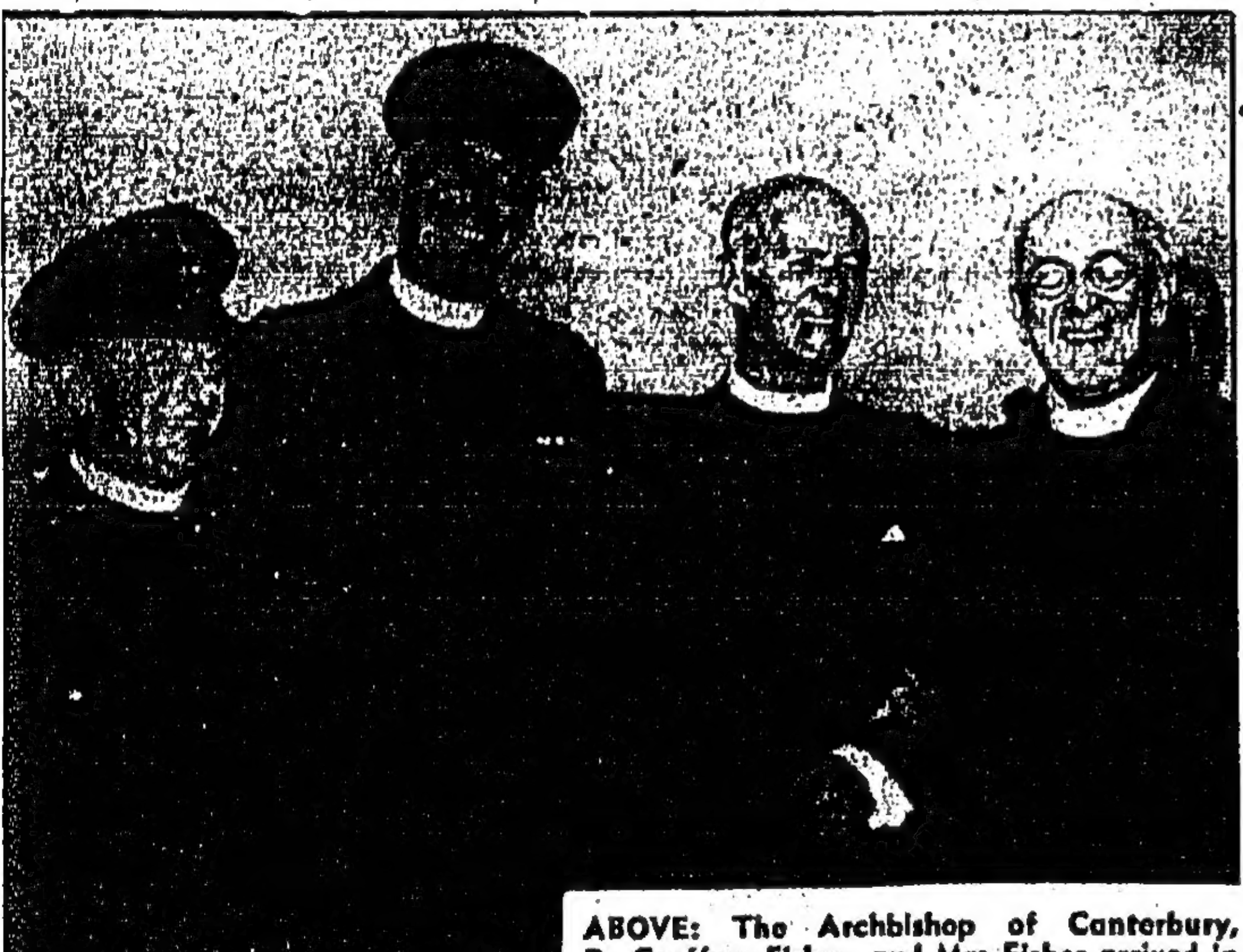


★
LEFT: Mr Felixberto Serrano (right), Philippine Foreign Secretary, speaks to newsmen shortly after his arrival from Manila on Wednesday en route to New Zealand. In centre is Mr Eduardo Rosal, Minister in charge of the Philippine Consulate.

★
BELOW: A happy dancing crowd at the Post Office Recreation Club last Sunday seen during the Club's highly successful Easter Dance.



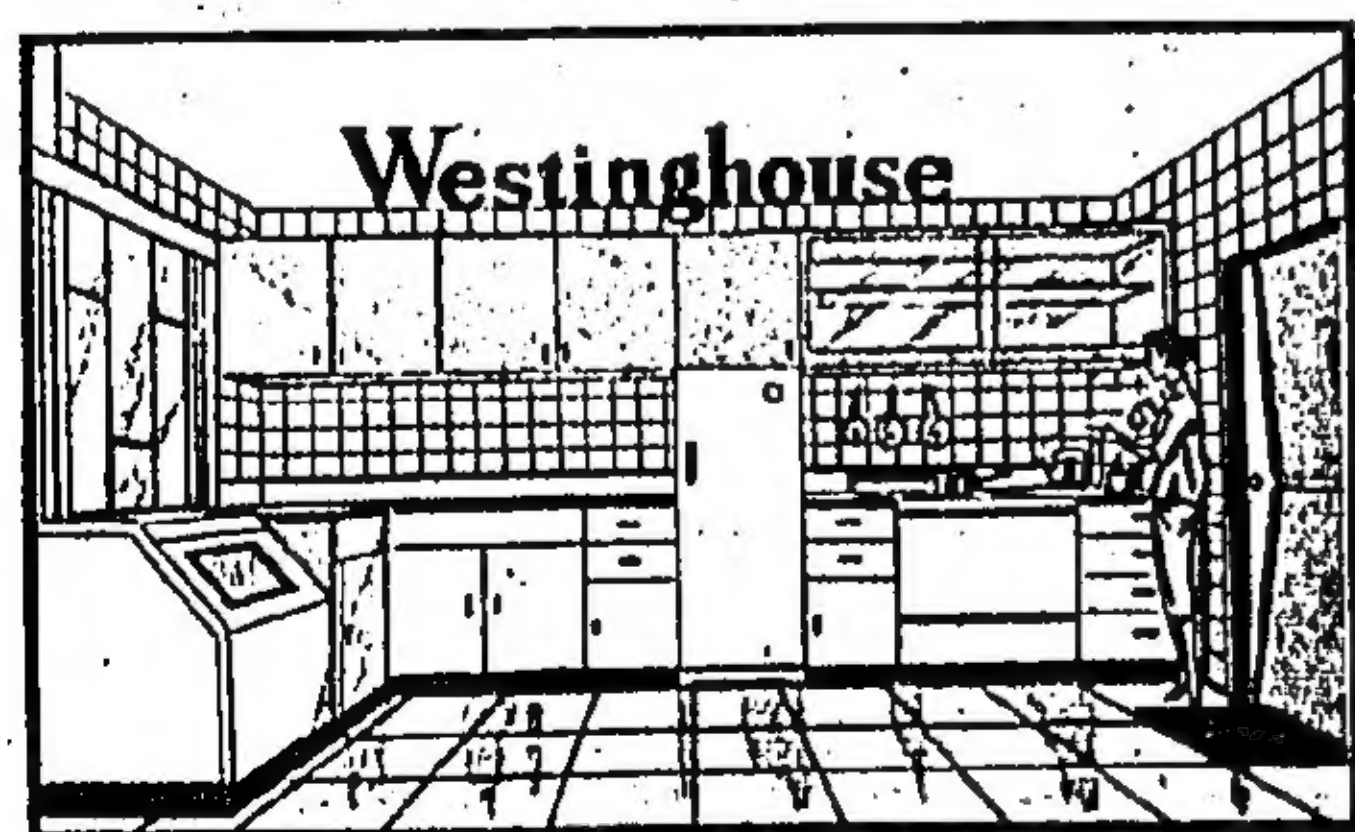
BELOW: A dinner in honour of Chinese staff members of Cable and Wireless who are going on retirement was held recently at the C. & W. Club. Seen (l-r) are Messrs. Siu Sau-chung, H. C. Baker (Divisional Manager), Ngu Ga-hui, J. T. Lock (Manager) and Chan Song.



ABOVE: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher, and Mrs Fisher arrived in Hongkong on Thursday for a four-day visit on their way to Tokyo to attend the celebrations of the centenary of the Anglican Church in Japan. He is seen here (right) with Rev. W. D. Eynon-William (Senior RAF chaplain), Rev. G. E. Hope (Deputy Assistant Chaplain - General, H.Q. Land Forces and Rev. E. W. Stredder (Chaplain, R.N.).

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

BORN today you are an independent, quick-thinking individual whose temper will flare at the slightest intimation that anyone is crossing you. You are original and intensely ambitious. You probably will decide, early in youth, what you want out of life and go out after it, despite setbacks or opposition. In fact, it seems as if the more opposition you meet the better you enjoy the challenge. You must always guard against a pyrotechnic display of temper, for you will say and do things when angry which you may wish later to retract. But your habit of never backing down will prevent you.

Since you are apt to be something of a "joiner" and like to participate in club and community affairs, you will probably not be one to wed too early in life. You will want to do considerable looking around, before you settle on your mate. Choose someone born under Scorpio, Sagittarius or Capricorn for the best prospects for happiness. You need a mate who can "stand up to you" when you get one of your stubborn moods on!

You have tremendous nervous energy, but your physical strength may not be as robust as you might wish. Be sure to guard against health upsets, since you do your best work when you are rested and relaxed.

Among those born on this date are: Maurice de Vlaminck, French painter; Thaddeus B. Stevens, statesman and reformer; George Pierce Baker, educator.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—After your morning devotions, invite someone home for Sunday dinner and to spend the afternoon.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A fine Sunday for all your interests. Anticipate a pleasant meeting with friends this evening.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Friends and relatives contribute toward making this a happy, pleasant day to remember.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Put your personality to work for you. Get about what you want today by projecting yourself.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Save this can be a romantic weekend, make the most of it. Enjoy the company of your loved one.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Attend an inspirational gathering of people who think as you do about life. Enjoy yourself.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5

BORN today you are a calm, determined individual who has a flare for the dramatic and can project this artistically. Although you appear quite unaffected by the excitement you may occasion, you are an individualist and are always solving old problems in a new manner. You are quick to act and rarely say anything at first. With you, actions are what count. You can talk about things later if you must!

You are very critical and are something of a perfectionist in your own work as well as demanding it from others. You like to plan out a job and then have others execute it while you go on to develop another new idea. Since you have a good head for business, as well, it is likely that you will become financially independent while you are quite young. The sciences, as well as the arts, hold your interest and it will be up to you which path your life will take. Many fields are open to you. But whatever you select, one can be sure that you will stick to it until you have achieved your goal.

Since you are very intuitive, you act instantly and usually move in the right direction while others are still trying to make up their minds to move! This gives you a head start which others find very difficult to overtake. We'd someone whose mind is as quick as your own, for your mate will need to be able to keep pace with you to contribute happiness to the union.

Among those born on this date are: Booker T. Washington, Negro educator; Spencer Tracy, actor; Frank R. Stockton, author; Bettie Davis, actress; William Congreve, dramatist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 6

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Good fortune smiles on you today. Begin your new working week on the bright and energetic side.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take care of confidential matters today. You can get just about what you want, if you try.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Take a calculated risk in your business partnership and make a handsome profit now.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Promote a new and exciting meat pie get the boss to approve and put it into production.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Two influences combine to give you excellent fortune today. Take that calculated risk; win!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Financial matters, involving others, should bring you a fine profit at this time. Get your share.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Take the lead in introducing a new idea and then get it into production immediately.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Morning hours can be treacherous, so be on your guard. All goes well after lunchtime.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Jupiter brings you an excellent progress.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A money-making day, especially if you are in retail merchandising. Buy and sell to advantage.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Demonstrate your special talents. All mental work is highly favoured.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A fine money-making day. Show that you know how to make your money earn more money!

Veronica Papworth Talks . . .

Tips To Keep In Mind When Painters Are Due

By ELEANOR ROSS

AS summer and outdoor living start, many household projects take shape.

For some of us, this means the painters are coming. While their presence may cause a disruption of the household routine, it's worth it. The resultant "new look" will raise the morale of the whole household.

After all, paints are vastly different today. They aren't smelly and they dry quickly. Since new flat wall paints have hiding power, one coat probably will do the trick unless you're asking for pale pink over gunmetal! — and costs will be lower.

WORK OUT SCHEDULE

If you're going to splurge and have the whole house redecorated, work out a painting schedule that is convenient and try to start with rooms that aren't used continually. Make the always-in-use kitchen the last one to get the beauty treatment.

If the painter is mixing the colours to your specifications, do have at hand a large-sized sample of the colours you want. Don't ask him to match a one-inch square swatch of give him a long verbal description of the desired shade.

LESS INTENSE

Keep in mind that a colour in a large area looks "more so." Your colour sample should be much less intense than the final effect you want in your room. Remember also to look at your choice in both day and night light, as they can change—some much more than others.

Choose wall shades that are as different as possible from the previous ones and still consistent with good decorating. Be sure wall colours are muted or greyed. Don't use intense hues that demand attention for themselves instead of simply providing beautiful

backgrounds for your furnishings and pictures. Remember, it doesn't cost any more to paint in a lovely, refreshing colour than in a dull, drab tone.

Another decision to be made far in advance is whether you want the woodwork to match or contrast with the wall hues. For a small room, too much contrast can give a disastrously cut-up appearance. However, white enameled woodwork is wonderfully decorative in certain period rooms. Also, dark-painted woodwork in children's rooms requires less cleaning. Natural finish woodwork harmonizes with all schemes.

LIGHTER CEILINGS

Ceilings should be light tints of the wall colours, or white, in order to provide the greatest possible reflection for the room lighting.

If you are purchasing the paint, buy quality. Cost of quality paint in relation to the cost of the labour of applying it is very small.

Whether the painting is to be done by you or a contractor, remember that the surface to be treated must be clean. Living areas will just need dusting. Wax must be completely removed from floors, woodwork or window sills before these receive a new beauty treatment. Your paint dealer has commercial wax removers.

When your painter starts the job, assist him by providing plenty of good air circulation in the room and have the area as dust-free as possible.

DEFINITE INSTRUCTIONS

Do definite in your instructions to the painter. It's easier for him if you know exactly what you want done. And don't hesitate to point out "holidays" to him—this is his term for places he skipped. After painting steadily for a day, he might conceivably have a "holiday."

Finally, ask your painter to leave leftover colours in paint and enamel. Label these clearly, and keep for touch-up purposes.

JUDY HOLLIDAY SETS AN EXAMPLE

By ANNE HEYWOOD

HAVE you noticed that when a girl grimly sets out to win one particular man she usually fails to charm him? Her terribly determined and tense attitude creates an atmosphere that repels rather than attracts. Her chances would be far better if she maintained a philosophical approach.

The same thing is true of success in other fields. I thought of this the other day when I was interviewing Judy Holliday.

Gifted Actress

She has always been, to my mind, one of the most gifted actresses. Sentitive, clever and versatile, she has a real capacity for inspired comedy.

I've thought of her as a person of intense ambition, who works hard and has the "maybes" or "maybe-no" philosophical

approach which is such an important ingredient of success.

Sure enough, I discovered that Judy had really wanted to be a writer. She had started in show business with Comden and Green as the Revue's writing material and performing it. It was the writing Judy wanted to do but her performances won the public and brought her success as an actress.

Well, what do the accepted Realities in the public eye do to her? TUBE-look!

I am mildly infuriated to find they invariably eat like horses, wash their hair in rainwater, and set it themselves, take very little exercise, and use even less make-up.

But there I have picked up a few good tips. I've spent my week cross-questioning egg-heads and cynical-olds... bold ones and bashful ones, outdoor sportsmen and indoor enthusiasts on what makes them look twice at a woman—and their combined opinions still have me guessing.



NOW TAKE A GOOD LOOK IN A GLASS...

YOU are almost certainly reading this in bed — or at the breakfast table.

Make straight for the nearest looking-glass. Do you like what you see?

Are you a pretty person on waking? Are you for that matter a pretty person going to bed?

Take another look! Satisfied? Then turn to another page.

Then let us consider what can be done with you.

FIRST—live physically in an intelligent manner. If you stay up nightly, whooping it up till all hours, if you eat on pop pills, interspersed with tranquilizers, how else could you look but frightful?

Use sleep, exercise, and the right foods as the aids to beauty they undoubtedly are.

SECOND—be adventurous. Scrub that notion that women who are looking dowdy are first-class wives and mothers. High moral tone is not necessarily indicated by a miserable wiping of orange lipstick and an outdated hairstyle.

THIRD—with all the deliciously pretty nylons and sparkling white drip-drip cottons at your disposal resolve to be fresh, immaculately clean and captivatingly feminine in your private life.

You don't know what I'm talking about? I have never forgotten the night the fire alarm sounded in a singularly smart hotel where I was staying.

But tranquilly, bedrooms poured a monstrous regiment of women heavy with hairdressers' tongs and sticky with "auntie" night cream.

Well, what do the accepted Realities in the public eye do to her? TUBE-look!

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But there I have picked up a few good tips. I've spent my week cross-questioning egg-heads and cynical-olds... bold ones and bashful ones, outdoor sportsmen and indoor enthusiasts on what makes them look twice at a woman—and their combined opinions still have me guessing.

Shirley Worthington

is an enthusiast for vitamin pills—"I take them all the year round. I can't be certain which vitamins—the lot probably. And I've been having a course of artificial sunshine. It's supposed to be just for my skin, but I feel wonderful after it. It's a terrific tonic."

Claire Baines always uses cotton-wool wrung out in really hot water to remove her make-up. "I could cream it off," she told me, "but the hot water seems to lift it off."

Yvonne Nightingale mixes her own skin tonic. To every three parts of witchhazel she adds two of rosewater, two of orange flower water, and one half teaspoon of oil. "Of course, when you have to play with the world," she says, "the world will not like you and will punish you."

Well, Have You Got What It Takes?

WHAT makes a man look twice at a woman? What keeps him looking? What, in fact, is that irresistible, indescribable o'-the-wisp of a "something" that every woman longs to have?

"I can't think why he's so crazy about her. She's not the slightest bit good looking."

How often have you heard it said?

And you jumps a man to cry: "I don't know what it is — but she's got it."

Experiments

Why is it that almost every woman spends half her life and a third of her income experimenting?

Why all these jars on your dressing-table? Why that cunning now "that" that tiny flower polka hat?

All done to please yourself alone? **PHOOEY!**

Let's face it. You react to attention like a great big golden puff-blower to the sun.

You turn towards it... you relax... uncurl... seek it up. You bask — and are twice as beautiful.

I've spent my week cross-questioning egg-heads and cynical-olds... bold ones and bashful ones, outdoor sportsmen and indoor enthusiasts on what makes them look twice at a woman—and their combined opinions still have me guessing.

Depths . . .

What emerges is that while gentlemen may still prefer blondes they can always spare a second glance for the right brunette or redhead **WITH THE RIGHT ATTITUDES.**

What also emerges is that there are hidden depths to the mild-mannered males.

"LEGS," say the satirists, "beginning with the ankles."

"Good legs make me look twice and think twice too," says a body lotion too. "So many women concentrate on their faces. I believe in keeping my skin soft and supple all over."

Shirley Worthington is an enthusiast for vitamin pills—"I take them all the year round. I can't be certain which vitamins—the lot probably. And I've been having a course of artificial sunshine. It's supposed to be just for my skin, but I feel wonderful after it. It's a terrific tonic."

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THE SECRET BEHIND THAT SECOND LOOK

that only a man can bring about. "The conspiratorial glance." "Somehow one knows that she knows that kissing will be fun."

"SOMETHING WHITE," said a group of medical students, "I don't know exactly why, but I do like a big white collar."

"Or one of those sort of semi-transparent white blouses." "And little white gloves too—they are a kind of beacon to me."

"COMPOSURE," say the thinkers. "There's something fascinating about a truly tranquil woman."

"The completely collected and self-contained look." "The fact that she is all too evidently not smiling for attention is a challenge."

"Serenity—" it's rare.

Like ducks

"IT'S THE WALK," say the men in the fashion world. "If only most women would do something about their carriage."

"You know most women walk like ducks. And then suddenly one's heart is uplifted at the sight of a really straight woman with her head held high."

"So few women walk tall." "Oh, the delight of an easy, supple stride."

"A NICE SMILE," say the taxi-drivers. "What you might call a generous look. No—nothing to do with tips. But a good face—character, if you call it. That's what catches the eye, and, of course, a nice pair of legs."

Well—what now? **LEGS.** No matter how dazzling or depressing the shape of your legs, concentrate on well kept shoes and semi-straight stockings.

One of our best-known models who has tripped over very indifferent (may I be forgiven, they're shapeless) legs told me: "I had no idea that pale shoes could make so much difference."

Recently, because they've become fashionable, I've been wearing blond or beige "stocking shoes" or "belge" stockings.

They're shapeless! They seem to "draw the blood to the face."

Above all, do your darndest not to build up a complex about your legs.

Consider the Duchess of Kent—one of the most fascinating women of this age—who takes a lock which indicates a potentially of greater, flowering

ever noticed her big feet?

Two ways

Now colour? Why not? There are two ways to make a change. Either a colour rinse that will last you from two to three washings—fading slowly. Or tint—applied as a paste—which is more or less permanent.

Tell your husband from me to forget the phrase "dyed hair." Colour rinsing is not "fals." It's up to date.

MOUTH! Professional cleaning and sealing of your teeth every six months should be a must. Especially if you smoke.

When did you last have your teeth "scaled"?

Review your view on the dentist. With a power-driven toothbrush in his hand he is a beautiful too.

SKIN! The look of fatigue, dry skin, puffiness under the eyes—these flaws may be nutritional in source, say Those Who Know. It's not the amount you eat but what you eat—a shortage of protein makes for age-before-beauty.

High on the list of external causes that "line" the skin is dryness. What almost every skin needs is moisture.

So 'dewy'

It's not for nothing that a young skin is so often described as "dewy."

How, then, to get that dewy look?

The new "moisturising" creams are your answer. Vitamin A creams and estrogen hormone creams attack the problem of "drying out" even more strongly. There's even a new Vitamin A cream containing hormones and moisturisers too.

Most cosmeticists are working on a "circulator cream" — a preparation that draws the blood to the face.

Since from time to time our recognized beauticians recommend standing on one's head for the same reason, I'm watching eagerly for further news of "circulation creams."

Easier than standing on your head, eh?

(London Express Service).

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JAK'S ANTI-TEDDY PATROL



'We ought ter feel flattered, Ginge... The 'Ackney Road boys ain't got art this number of rozzers watching 'em'

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

WOODCRAFT FOR FARI-SIANS

This chief of police of Paris, the broad-minded city bucket, spade, musical instrument, or fireworks.

The police will also check that no one leaves with any sprays of anama leaves.

People out walking in the woods are solemnly warned that if they happen to have any sheep with them, they must leave them at the entrance.

Unless, of course, they have a permit.

By a change in the 28-year-old by-laws laying down what can and cannot be done in those woods, they will now be out of bounds between dusk and dawn to the hundreds of courting couples who used to frequent them.

Not only courting couples are affected by the new rules, but also from the leafy glades are drunks, beggars, singing groups, professional street photographers, and those dressed in scanty sports clothes or swim suits.

Checking pedestrians entering the woods will be a big job for the police. They have to make

sure no one has concealed a sling shot, catapult, bench for a lion cub—and instructions on how to raise him.

It is understood that a Frenchman has written siding for a lion cub—and instructions on how to raise him.

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sure no one has concealed a sling shot, catapult, bench for a lion cub—and instructions on how to raise him.

Katina is the stargazer the stockbrokers flock to!

They Run Their Firms By The Stars

London. THE Big Noise faced a tricky Board meeting. He was determined it should go his way, so he consulted the stars for the best date to out-manoeuvre his co-directors smartly....

Far-fetched, you might think. But this is commonplace in the life of Katina Theodossiou—magnetic Katina Theodossiou—who combines gentle feminine intuition and tough calculating masculinity.

Over expensive dinners, amid subdued lights and haunting music, tycoons listen gratefully to her advice on their companies' fortunes.

Should they sell out or hang on? Is expansion best now or later? What will oil be doing in the autumn?

She enjoys remarkable success.

Recently she was consulted by an engineering company who planned to re-organise their staff. She was able to give them advice about placing key personnel.

A shipping company, concerned about the slump in ship-ping, consulted her before scrapping several of its freighters. She predicted a revival in the second half of this year—so the company has decided to keep the freighters. A steel concern consulted her. The advice she gave enabled them to treble their turnover.

When these important clients consult her she takes advice on calculations from their horoscopes (day, date, place and time of birth) and the same for their firm (which is the day of registration), and, if available, the horoscope of the founder.

"I work with these, and with the astronomical diagrams I draw up for each year for the planetary phenomena," she went on. "These include the Equinoxal maps, solar maps

(for each quarter), and the lunation maps (for new and full moons), which all give me a general idea of over-all market trends.

"After research into the history and activities of the company, I find certain planetary factors come into play."

Business executives also send their staffs' horoscopes (or maps, as she calls them) for suggestions on placings and promotions.

★ ★ ★

This way, she claims, tension (between, say, Pisces and a pleasure-loving Leo) doesn't happen; a sedate Capricorn doesn't get on the nerves of a more lively Venus.

By the stars taking control, others are out; office blood pressures keep at a healthy level.

Few apart, what are the "perks" for stepping up production and profits?

"Usually something in kind, which I prefer."

But magnates can be mean.

At least that's how I rate a mere bottle of sherry or scent for trebling turnover (which she has done for one firm regularly since 1950) by advising on new issues of shares.

Particularly, when tens of thousands of pounds are involved.

A starry tip or two: Shipping and engineering in Britain will begin to rise in the second half of this year, and have a boom period in 1960-61.

But property will begin to scale down from the autumn of 1959.

POWER CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

Was this Nasser's biggest blunder?

FOR centuries, two centres have fought for the domination of the Arab world—Cairo on the Nile and Bagdad on the Tigris.

Since the revolution in Egypt and the ascent of Colonel Nasser, it seemed that Cairo had won at last. Only a few months ago the Cairo Press was boasting that Cairo had become the Mecca of Middle East diplomacy. Everybody was there and wanted to talk to Nasser.

But increasingly Cairo has been challenged by the new revolutionary Bagdad. The Russians showered their blessings equally on both. Nasser's difficulties in maintaining the position of Cairo increased steadily. Last month began the first open showdown between the two capitals—the Mosul uprising against the Baghdad Government of General Kassem.

It is clear now that rebellion against Kassem was started by Nasser and controlled from a special headquarters in Aleppo, in Northern Syria. By strange coincidence Nasser happened to be touring in this region.

The time-table of this curious uprising is significant. It started on February 27 in Bagdad, when Kassem received information that an army plot was in the making in Mosul. This time Kassem did not want to make the same

mistake as he made earlier with his pro-Nasser deputy, Brigadier Aref. This time he wanted a conviction before all the world. He wanted to catch the plotters red-handed.

Therefore, he waited and prepared. By Sunday noon Kassem had become convinced that to wait longer might be dangerous. He therefore ordered the arrest of Colonel Shawaf, the commander of the Fifth Brigade in Mosul. But Shawaf was not at headquarters. He could not be found.

At 1.30 p.m. on Sunday Bagdad broadcast a decree which pensioned off Shawaf, and followed this decree with a second, ordering his arrest "for plotting with foreigners."

No sign

There was still no sign of an uprising. All garrisons in the north were alarmed, however, to arrest Shawaf, who was said to be on his way to the Syrian border.

THE men who fight to dominate the world of the Arab—Nasser (left) and Kassem



THE men who fight to dominate the world of the Arab—Nasser (left) and Kassem



by JON KIMCHE, well-known commentator on Middle East affairs

Now comes the curious feature of this affair. At 5.15 on Sunday afternoon, Damascus broadcast the first indication that there was an uprising in Mosul. Cairo followed suit a little later.

These two also gave the first indication of the support which other commanders had offered to Shawaf (which turned out to be incorrect), and gave the wording of the first communique from rebel headquarters.

The fact remains, however, that there was no sign of a rebellion, or of the alleged broadcasts from Mosul on Sunday morning, until after Kassem had taken steps to have Shawaf arrested. All the evidence points that this compelled Shawaf and his backers to make an open stand against Kassem.

The bond

Even so it was not until 8 a.m. on Monday morning

that messages from the so-called Mosul radio station were picked up. All information prior to that had come from Nasser-controlled stations in either Syria or Egypt.

This in itself already suggested a curiously intimate relationship between Nasser and the rebels.

The repercussions of the Mosul blunder may be felt more strongly in Cairo than in Bagdad.

—London Express Service.

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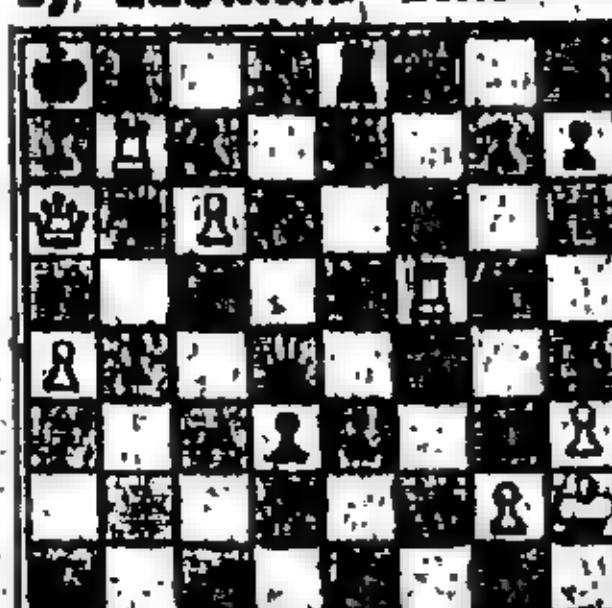
This Funny World



"He has to go through this every time he turns in his expense account."

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a position from a game. White to move and win.

Startling figures: SEE THE FAT 'PICKINGS' FOR BOOKS THAT MAKE THE GOLDEN GRADE!

THIS year sees great news for movie writers. In a hand-out from just one major Hollywood film studio are listed 20 so-called "Literary Properties Acquired."

They range from "The Dud Avocado," by newcomer Elaine Dundy, to "The Journey to the Centre of the Earth," by Jules Verne, the "Daddy of space fiction."

This is splendid stuff. It means that the trend for buying an already established hit is accelerated. More and more the film of today is based on the book of last month.

Writers with wares to sell are queuing up for the great pay-off. Look at the lucky ones in this announcement of literary stock prices:

FROM THE TERRACE by John O'Hara.
RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE by Grace Metalious.
THE BATTLE OF LEVTE GULF by James Michener.
SINK THE BISMARCK by C. S. Forester.
THE TWENTIETH OF JULY by Constantine Fitzgibbon.

The agent

These are going to take in the lobby for the lucky authors because they are Established Literary Properties.

Good. Now let's take time off to consider what is an Established Property.

A book is an Established Property the moment it requires an agent.

For example, Irving Lazar, the pirate chief of the percentages who has just sold "Lolita" (for all things) for US\$150,000. (A play in an Established Property the moment it is a hit.)

An E.P. is even more Established if it is by an Established Name, such as Graham Greene, Daphne Du Maurier, C. S. Forester or Nicholas Monsarrat. Strong men than bargains across the dead body. Quite often a reviewer's say-so or a newspaper cutting may force the bidding up. Authors established as long ago as 1931 are highly delighted with this new state of things.

Marked men

Take Edna Ferber, the mother figure of the movie writers. Her stories have been portrayed by Jean Harlow ("Dinner at Eight") and James Dean ("Giant") and she has out-lived them both. When she began operating, the rights of "Show Boat" went for a pittance of \$25,000. Now when she visits the "Ice Palace" she expects to put down a million dollars.

Graham Greene, another veteran, began very modestly with \$10,000 for "Brighton Rock." He now gets three times that sum, and Greene's Expectations are really great for "Our Man in Havana." Like Ferber, he is on a percentage basis and will therefore reap big benefits from the drawing power of stars like Noel Coward and Sir Alec Guinness.

Then there is Irwin Shaw, another plus-lined pro. When they bought "The Young Lions" Shaw got \$50,000. Now, for "Lucy Crown" the figure is way up, something in the region of \$150,000.

These are the marked men of Show Biz, boys whose price is so high that WANTED is flat-teringly across their portraits in every film producer's office in the world.

But what about the newcomers—the one-shot boys, who may have another shot in their lockers? How would John Braine be paid if he produced a second story (he got \$5,000 for "Room at the Top") and

how will the now famous author of the \$2,500 "Bridge on the River Kwai" make out? Well, unlike Mr Braine, Mr Boule, author of "Bridge on the River Kwai," has written a second. It is called "The Other

Side of the Coin," and it has gone for \$50,000. Which is a nice big increase in coin for Mr B to count the other side of. Either way the story has a happy ending. Good films are booming so long as they are

	PRE-BOOM SELLING PRICE	TOP OF THE BOOM PRICE
Graham Greene	Brighton Rock £10,000	Our Man in Havana £35,000
Irwin Shaw	The Young Lions £50,000	Lucy Crown £150,000
Edna Ferber	Show Boat £25,000	Ice Palace £300,000 plus
James Jones	From Here to Eternity £80,000	The Pistol £30,000
Pierre Boule	Bridge on the River Kwai £2,500	The Other Side of the Coin £50,000

In a booming world of letters—the spur to succeed is £.s.d.

EXPRESSIONGRAPH BY MICHAEL RAND

—By NANCY SPAIN

These Peasants Really Need A Rest, Mr. Silone

By RICHARD LISTER

THE SECRET OF LUCA. By Ignazio Silone. Capa, 15s.

SILONE'S peasants remain as obstinate, superstitious, poverty-stricken and warped as ever. Motorcycles may now have reached whatever benighted edge of Italy it is he writes about, but ease of communication has brought no easing to their lives, which are stuck like some ancient gramophone in the repetitive groove of misery.

This feeling is intensified in his latest novel, Luca, an old peasant of 70, returns to his village after 40 years in goal for a murder he did not commit. Although some one else has confessed to it and he has been pardoned, the early, suspicious villagers still cold-shoulder him and stubbornly refuse to say why when Andrea, the local boy who has made good, rides in to congratulate his father's old friend.

There was nothing to be done about it in that strict and narrow community. The alternative for him seemed to be flight or suicide. He could face neither and when fate threw him the alternative of the imprisonment, he chose to accept it.

This act of twisted chivalry is a quaint flower to find growing in the barren and stony soil of Silone's Italy. He persuades us of its possibility, but his method of getting at it is perhaps too artificial to be convincing.

Mr Silone's great talent, in my view, badly needs a long holiday from peasant life.

(London Express Service).

HIS SECRET

But Andrea is not the main character. He is gradually he uncovers the 40-year-old scandal and finds out why at his trial Luca refused to call the evidence which would have cleared him.

It was all for the love of a lady, Ortensia, who had married the only rich man in the district

Tommy Steele: the old pioneer at the crossroads

By JOHN LAMBERT

ECHOED Tommy Steele, "Crossroads? Yuh, I know that my career is at the crossroads. From here I either go up, or down. Only don't think I'm not doing anything about it, chum."

Mr Steele, after two years of sky-rocking success, is now beginning to feel a slight pinch. In South Africa and Scandinavia, where personal appearances are time-high, he is now suffering from slipped discs.

His plan

And in Britain, where his rock 'n' roll style was the only sure substitute for Elvis Presley, he has been duplicated by a legion of loose-limbed, if less talented, imitators.

So what can he do? He mumbled reflectively and said: "My plan—and I think it's working out—is to become a bigger entertainer, to be independent of the fads and fancies of the moment."

"Not that I intend giving up rock 'n' roll. I know which side my bread is buttered on, and I also know that the teenagers can make or break anybody. So often a record has one good song and the other side is just, well, a swindle, and it's dangerous."

They work

I asked him what he thought of his legion of imitators. He grinned. "I have to hand it to them," he said. "They work like stink. But I think they would be better off to work on being themselves, and not go imitating others."

"To be a star you gotta be an individual. Take an old stand—like those foolish things—do. Because, the way Noel Coward sings it is twice as good and a bit square. Whereas Billy



STEELE WITH HIS SIGNPOST: "THE BUSINESS"

Eckstine would belt it out as if his heart was breaking. But both of them do a big job with the same material because they do it their own way."

Steele, at the crossroads, is a much more complex character than he was.

Yet he still prefers to seem the perky, apparently simple but really shrewd personality that became a public idol. He still insists that he cannot understand long words, although he can go through the small type in a contract without any dictionary.

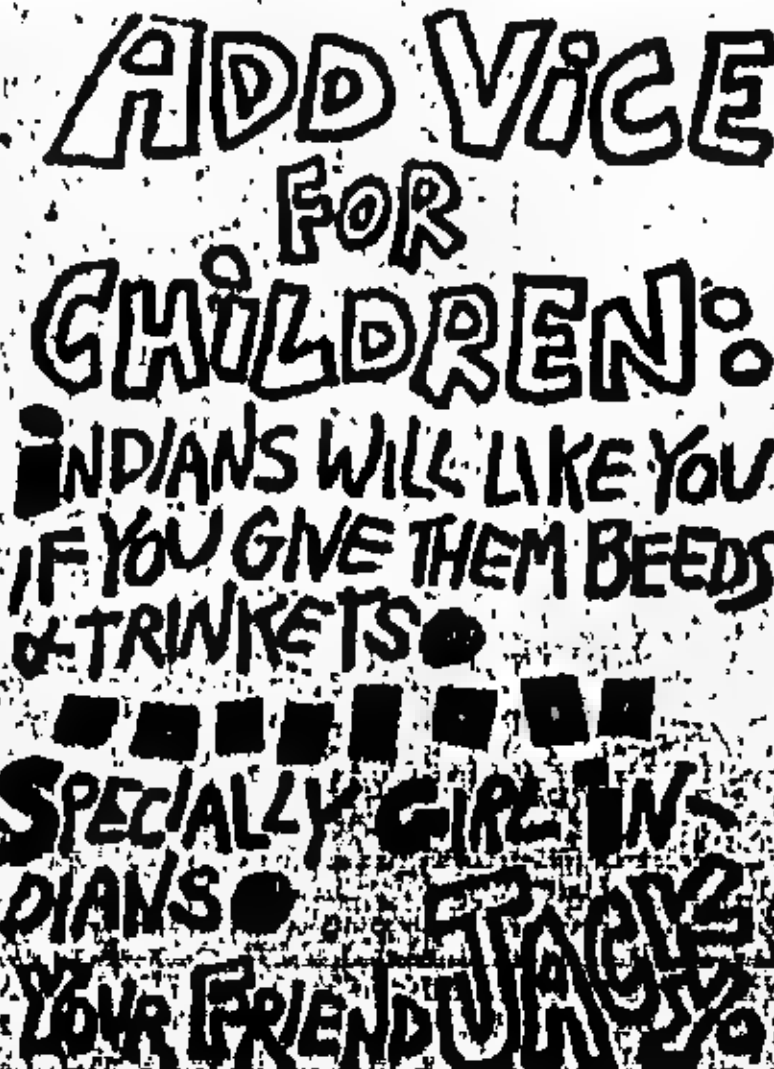
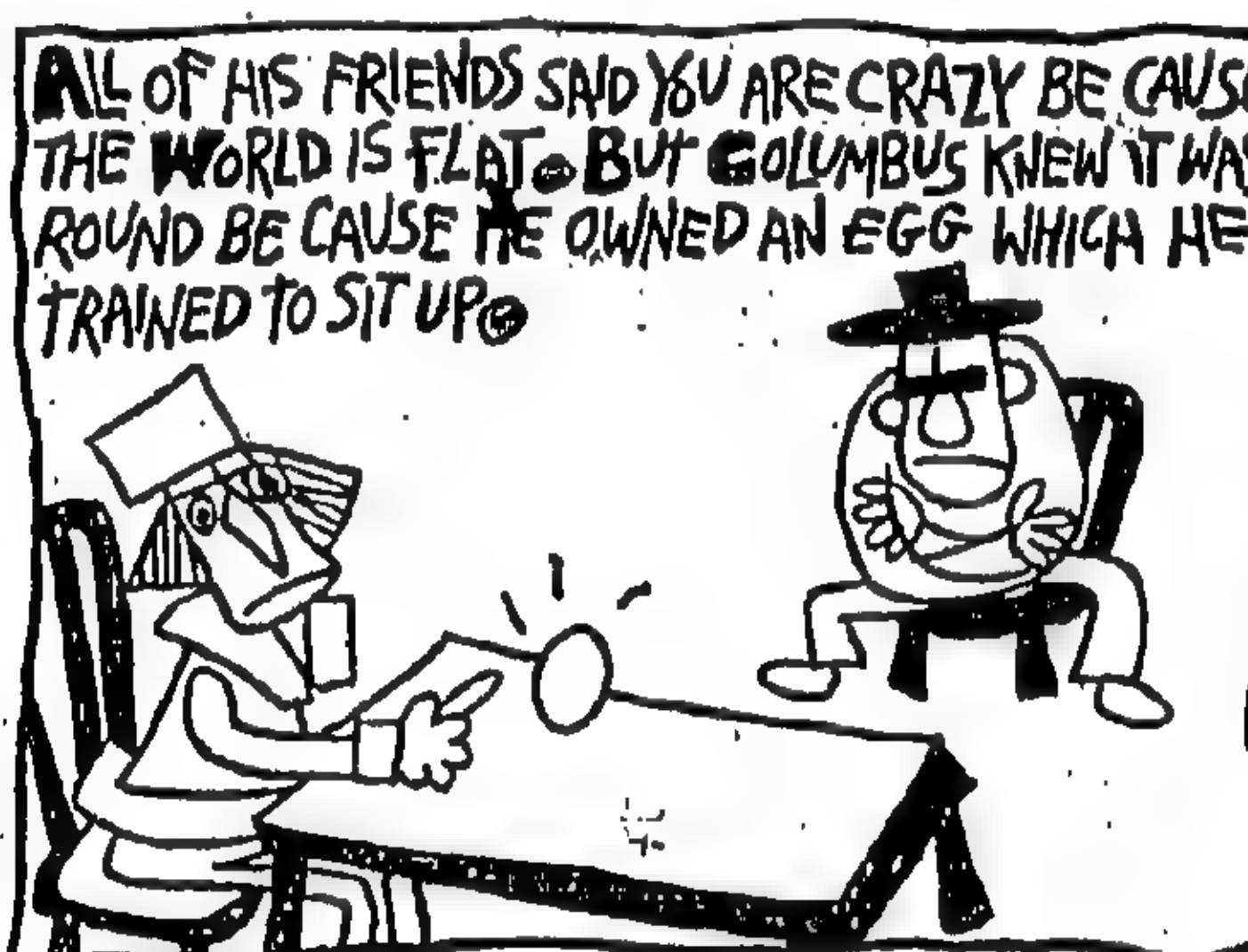
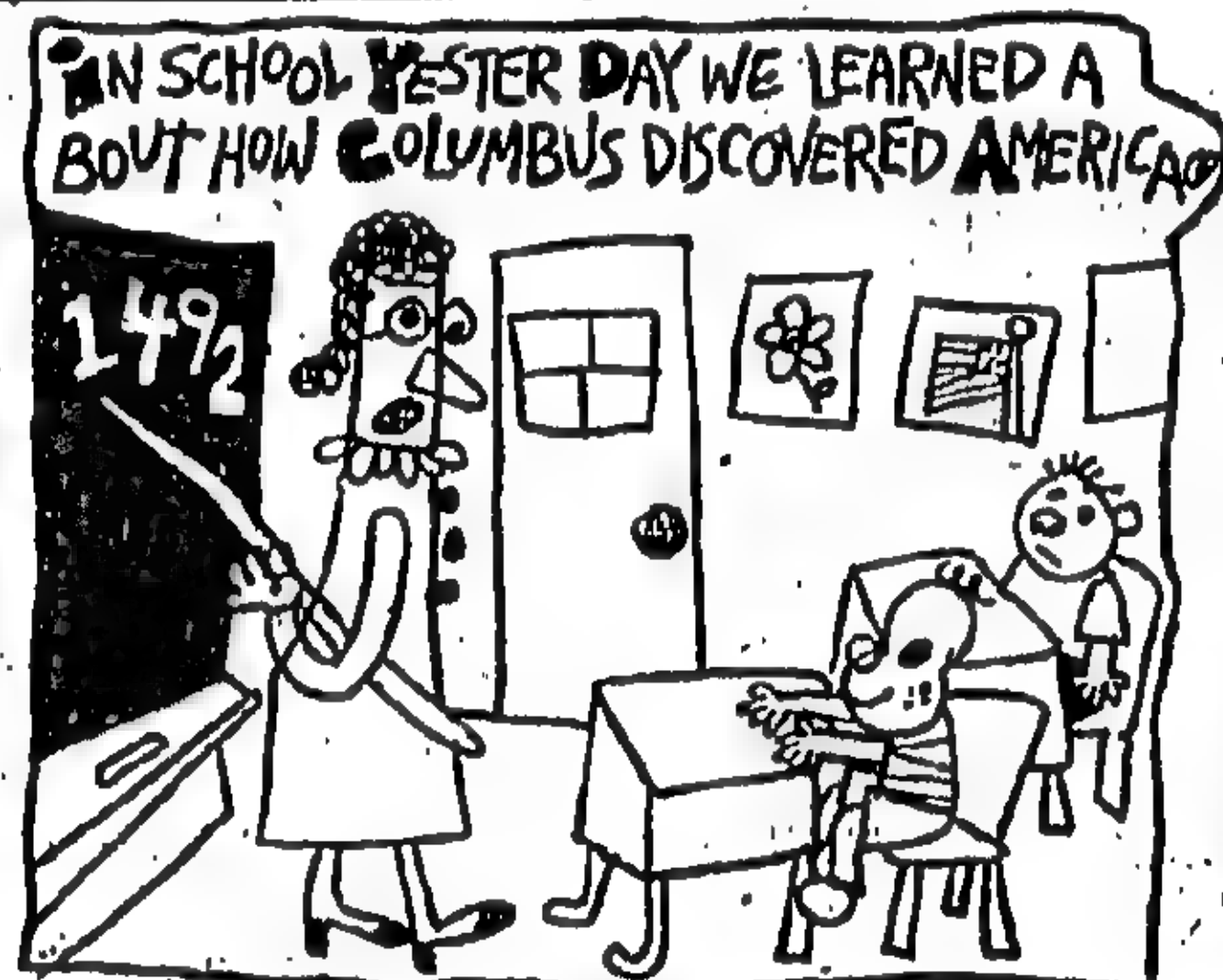
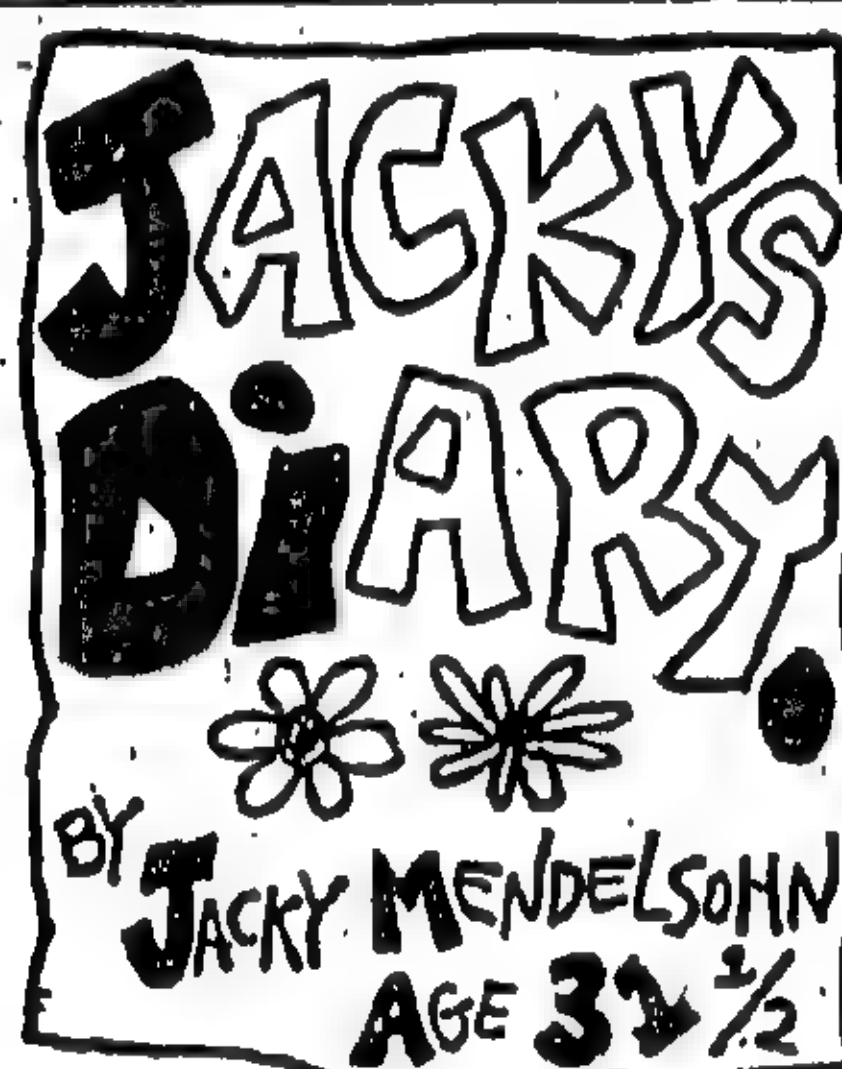
That's what you always get when you first call on an agent. "That big, bold head and those eyes... that's all you see of the agent from your little chair. And you only remember the eyes when he gives you a job."

"That eager is what he lights when you start raking in the money for him. The curtain stands for the stage. It's all sorts of curtains, really, but it's always drawing back and showing you."

And tears

"This," he said, pointing to a shield-like symbol, "sums up show-business. You have the masks for laughter and tears, but there's also a dagger always there... and that's what you've got to watch out for, mate."

"It seems to indicate you are a cynic," I said. Tommy Steele roared with laughter. He even doubled up with it. "Cynic," he echoed. "No, cynic. It's just taking the future from the past."



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

First Radio Clubhouse On Wednesday

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

- 12.30 COMPOSER CAVALCADE.
Harry Warren.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 THE NEWS.
1.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.00 JAZZ FOR YOU.
Presented by Bill Howard.
2.15 HENRY-ROBERTS THEATRE.
"Toussaint and Co."
A reference fiction, episode by Kinsey.
2.30 EDUARDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
"MUNDOLAGE."
The Art of the solo musician.
Presented by Gillian Durling.
2.45 KITHING KING.
Max Jaffe and his Orchestra.
3.00 SAY HELLO TO THE NEWS.
Presented by Nancy Wise.
3.15 CALLING A COMP. R.A.R.C.
Music in the theatre.
3.30 THE NEWS.
3.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
4.00 FAVORITE CHARACTER.
Presented by Ted Thomas.
4.15 THE NEWS.
4.30 THE NEWS.
4.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
5.00 THE NEWS.
5.15 WEATHER REPORT.
5.30 THE NEWS.
5.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
6.00 THE NEWS.
6.15 WEATHER REPORT.
6.30 THE NEWS.
6.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 WEATHER REPORT.
7.30 THE NEWS.
7.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
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9.15 WEATHER REPORT.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 WEATHER REPORT.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.00 THE NEWS.
11.15 WEATHER REPORT.
11.30 THE NEWS.
11.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
12.00 THE NEWS.

Sunday

- 8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
8.15 WEATHER REPORT & PROG.
8.30 SUNDAY MORNING SONG.
8.45 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 WEATHER REPORT.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 WEATHER REPORT.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.00 THE NEWS.
11.15 WEATHER REPORT.
11.30 THE NEWS.
11.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
12.00 THE NEWS.



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COCKTAIL LOUNGE
PIANO-BAR
Featuring
LARRY ALLEN
for your drinking pleasure
Coryl Milmetel

OPEN
TILL 2 A.M.

Radio Clubhouse, Hongkong's only live audience radio show in English, will get its first try-out before an invited audience of about two hundred teenagers on Wednesday afternoon.

Larry Allen swings a star-studded team of music makers into the theme of Radio Hongkong's latest big programme.

The resident band, made up of some of the best musicians to be found in this part of the world, reads like a jazz multi-cast "Who's Who."

On trumpet, radio personality Colin Stuart; Frankie Fonseca, guitar; Connie Greco, tenor sax and Peter Endy on bass.

To complete the sextet is Pete Penny to provide the big beat on drums.

At the head, on piano, and with his own regular "spotlight spot", will be Larry Allen, the man who created a new form of nightclub entertainment in Hongkong.

A vocalist with his own distinctive style he is also an accomplished impressionist.

Host of the show is disc jockey Ted Thomas, who's programmes, Hongkong Hit Parade and Nightcap, have a large following.

The Budget

On Wednesday, at 8.45 p.m. Radio Hongkong will be broad-

casting a talk on the British Budget by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Denis Heath.

Mr. Heath will put the Government's case.

Then on Friday at the same time, the opposition's standpoint will be put forward by Mr. Harold Wilson, M.P.

Archbishop

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. G. F. Fisher, now visiting Hongkong will be the preacher in Radio Hongkong's service from St. John's Cathedral at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning.

Soccer

This weekend Hongkong will be host to another visiting soccer team, this time from Laos.

The second game between a Hongkong eleven and the visitors will be played at the South China Stadium at Caroline Hill on Sunday and John Wallace will be there from 6.45 to bring listeners a commentary on the second half.

World Theatre at 8.15 p.m. on Monday features the

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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Lordly, Robust Moose An Impressive Creature

By JULIA W. WOLFE

WE WISH every boy and girl could see a moose running in the wilds as we did in upper Ontario, Canada, on the shore of Georgian Bay. To those who saw it this full-grown moose with full antlers was just as odd and wonderful as any prehistoric monster.

No one could describe those antlers so that a man from Mars could imagine what they look like. Their wonderful "palmation" is an enormous basin-like expansion, studded with prongs along one edge of solid bone.

In many museums are antlers weighing 92 pounds. They spread at least 75 inches. Those great wide slabs of 20 and often more rough bone projections are at least two inches thick, and often the palmations are so cuplike that they can hold a gallon of water.

The moose we saw must have been seven feet high at the shoulders, and he had at least seven interesting points. They

were: (1) his enormous tall and big legs; (2) his lofty shoulder humps; (3) his huge but short-coupled body; (4) his huge head and "bell;" (5) his floppy, convoluted and far-overhanging nose; (6) his tuft of long coarse and grass-like brown hair; (7) his great shovel-antler just described.

Under his big throat hangs a rope-like strip of hair-covered skin, probably one foot long. This nature students call the "bell."

To the world over and you will find nowhere a land animal so outlandish in form. Sea creatures, yes; but even the griffin is not a competitor as a strange land animal.

THE ANCESTORS of the North American moose came to us across the bridge of land that once lay between Alaska and Asia. From Alaska the immigrants spread eastward as far as the Mackenzie River, southward to Belstol Bay to the Kenai Peninsula. Then they came down to the Rockies, Oregon, Idaho and Montana and on to northern New York, Maine and Nova Scotia.

The Mohawk Valley is as far south as they ever came. They could not live south of it. Zoos below this line have tried to keep them, but they always die. The moose is a browsing animal, a grass eater. He loves to eat small twigs, herbs and great quantities of moss. He eats moss the year around. It grows plentifully in cool regions.

In the charming forests and lakes of Maine and New Brunswick the moose spends his summer vacation. You would be delighted to watch one wade far out and pull up lily-bulbs. Birch trees are best liked for browsing, also the hemlock, alder, willow and maple. They can soon "strip" a tree and consume a whole bush. Naturalists have watched them bring down saplings by marching stride and "riding them down" to earth.

In winter the moose travel in herds and they move into a small area, packing down the snow. This is called "a moose yard."

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THE WILD MOOSE displays much of what naturalists call "character." The individual moose manifests more original thought than any other member of the deer family.

In autumn when the new antlers are fully grown and free from "velvet," the big bull moose begins to utter long and resonant bawls that go pralling through forests and over lakes, rising and falling in great waves and ending in low grunts. Hunters make birch-bark megaphones and imitate this bawl. The big moose will answer. He may come within easy range of the hunter's rifle.

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BUT THE MOOSE sometimes adopts genuine strategy that betokens reasoning of a high order. The moose will swing off the trail, lie down in concealment near his own trail in a position to get the pursuer down the wind. He then steals away in a new direction. Clever work.

Hunters tell of fierce battles among the herds; the biggest bull moose, with the mighty antlers, wins out and then is chosen leader. Often antlers become interlocked and cannot be separated by the fighters. So the two animals die miserably. Many museums have sets of locked horns.

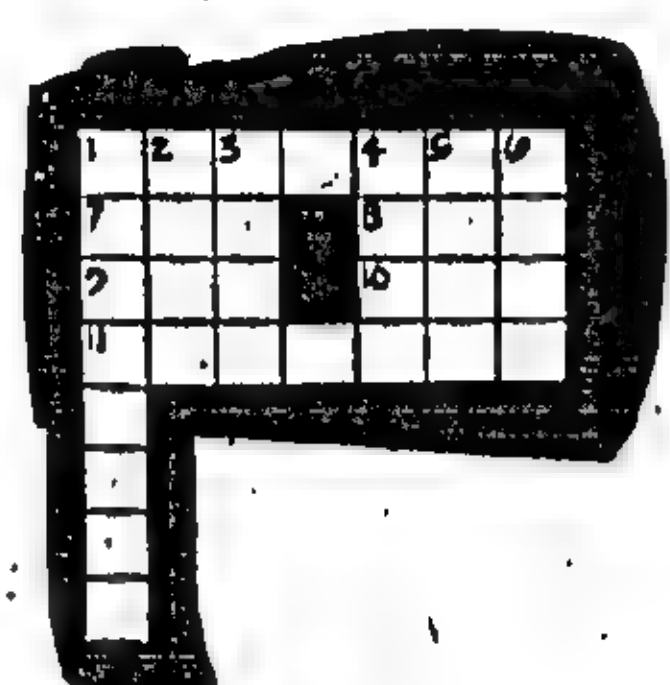
There are strict laws in the United States and Canada to save the lives of remaining moose. Even in Alaska the hunting season is very short. The moose must not become extinct!



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Chl drew Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle on something associated with George Washington:



ACROSS

- 1 Young Washington used this
- 7 There — many stories about his exploits
- 8 Avenue (ab.)
- 9 Residence (ab.)
- 10 Colour
- 11 Rushers

DOWN

- 1 Firmness
- 2 Range
- 3 Girl's nickname
- 4 Rabbit
- 5 Always
- 6 Scatters

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Can you figure out Puzzle Pete's confused sentence about Washington?
George Yorktown. General General surrendered Cornwallis Washington at to.

DIAMOND

Washington was a GENERAL before becoming President and Puzzle Pete uses that fact as the centre of his word diamond. The second word is a group of matched pieces; third Spanish for "mister;" fifth "a precept;" and sixth "a college cheer." Can you finish the diamond?

C
E
N
G
E
R
A
L

BACKWARD GLANCE

Read this backward if Puzzle Pete confuses you:
SITSUC WODIW
TNEIDSRP TSHIF
NONREV TNUOM

WASHINGTON REBUS

Use the words and pictures right and you'll have little trouble finding the four facts connected with Washington that Puzzle Pete has hidden in his rebus:



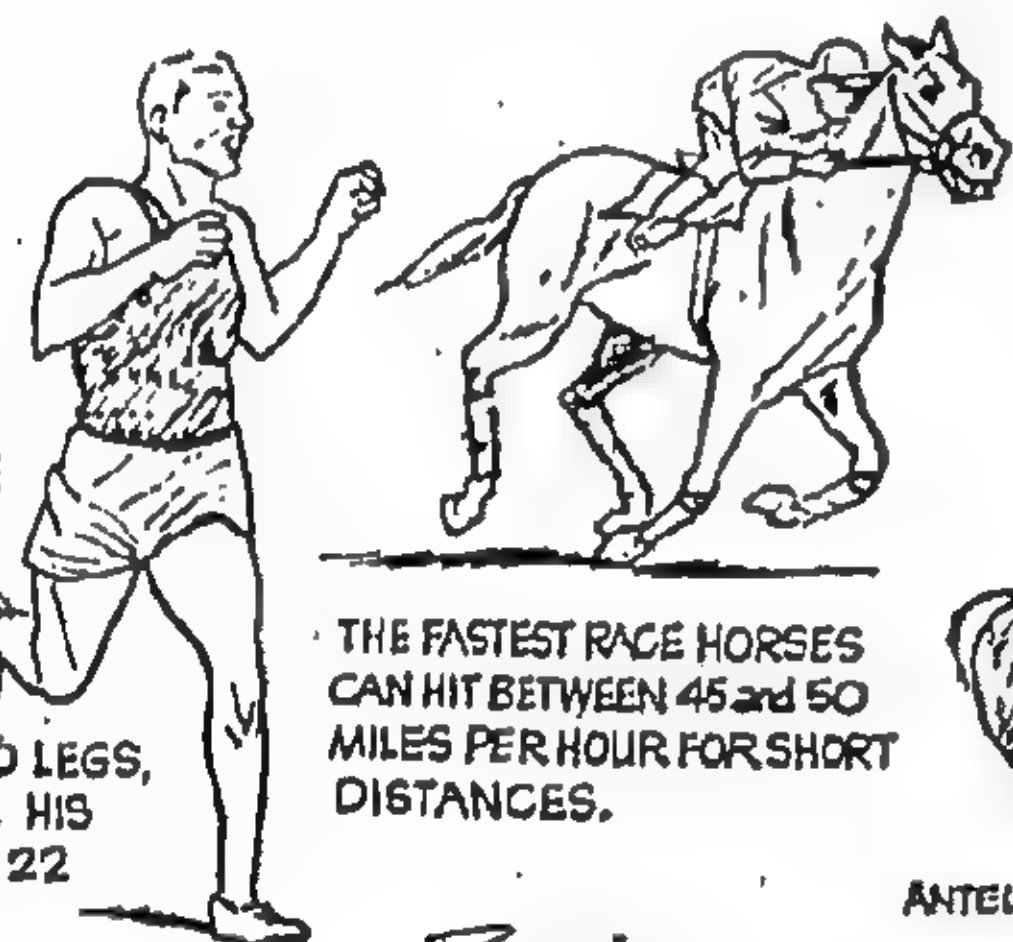
FOUR OF THE FASTEST CREATURES

SPEED!
AND MORE SPEED

...IS THE PASSION OF FOUR TIME.

BUT, UNTIL A FEW GENERATIONS AGO, THE FASTEST "DEVICES" WERE LIVING CREATURES.

MAN, ON HIS OWN TWO LEGS, IS AMONG THE SLOWEST. HIS BEST SPEED IS ABOUT 22 MILES PER HOUR.

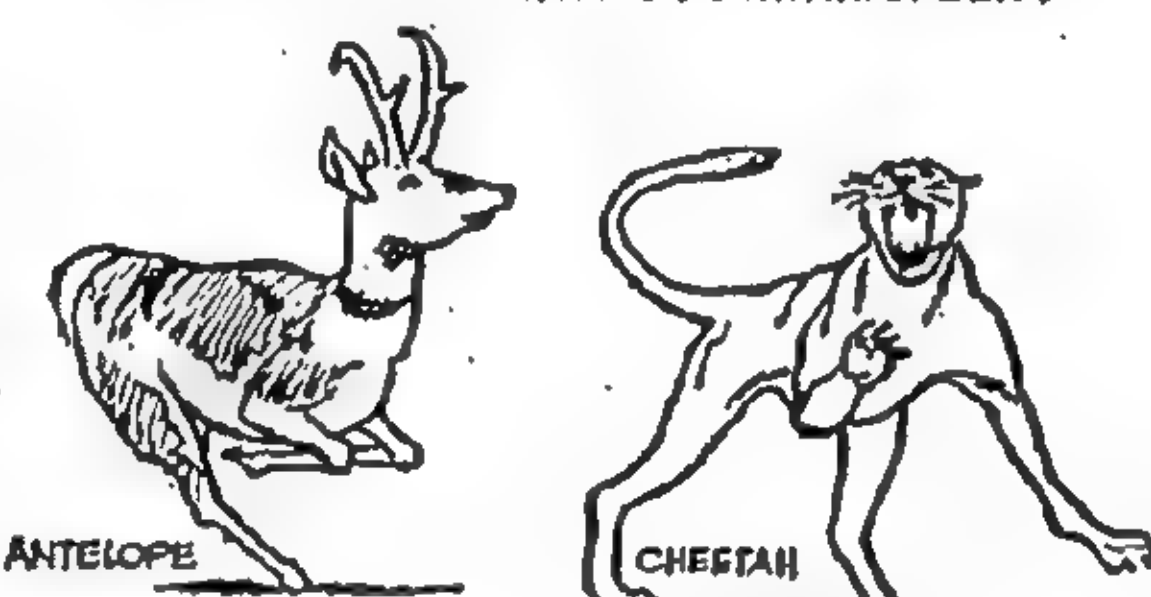


THE FASTEST RACE HORSES CAN HIT BETWEEN 45 AND 50 MILES PER HOUR FOR SHORT DISTANCES.

Bill Arter

ANTELOPES DEPEND ON THEIR SPEED (UP TO 60 MILES PER HOUR) FOR PROTECTION.

THE CHEETAH, FASTEST THING ON FEET, IS TRAINED TO HUNT — EVEN OUTRUNS ANTELOPES WITH ITS 75 M.P.H. SPEED.



Antelope

Cheetah

Ways Of Telling Time

BEFORE the invention of clocks and watches, people told time in all sorts of odd ways.

The Chinese, long ago, used a dumppened rope, knotted at equal intervals, which was set on fire. As it burned slowly from knot to knot, the observer was able to estimate the time.

Another ancient "clock" of the Chinese consisted of a metal dish with a tiny hole in it. It was floated in a larger pan of

water. The dish gradually filled, like a leaking boat, and the amount of water in it. A servant emptied the dish when it sank and set it floating once more. Whenever he did this, he struck a gong.

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A candle has also been utilized for estimating the time, by marking it off with notches or coloured tape. Pins stuck in the candle also marked time. A tiny bell was attached to each pin, and as the candle burned

down the bells fell into a metal dish, "striking" the hour. An unusual Greek timepiece more than 2,000 years old was really very modern because it boasted gears. The passage of the water through a spout actuated small water wheels which, via the gears, gradually moved an indicator which pointed to the time on a dial. This is the same general idea, of course, that is used for mechanical clocks today, with a weight or spring as the motive power.

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Sand glasses, consisting of two pear-shaped glass plates joined by a narrow hollow neck, were filled with just enough sand to pass from one side to the other in the space of an hour. It recorded that Charles VIII had a sand glass that ran for a 12-hour period. But usually an hour was the limit.

Hour glasses were used in Colonial America to limit the length of sermons, although many a minister who felt he needed more time simply turned the glass over and went right on preaching.

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Hour glasses were used in Colonial America to limit the length of sermons, although many a minister who felt he needed more time simply turned the glass over and went right on preaching.

Exotic American Indian Foods May Resemble Brilliant Cigars

By BESS RITTER

SOME OF THE foods that today's American Indian enjoys can be found only in the American Southwest. And they certainly do sound exotic! Take "piki," which is a form of bread, but doesn't look like it. It's made from corn by the Hopis, but it's as thin as paper and its colour might range from a beautiful blue to vivid red or yellow. Squaws make it by baking finely ground meal on a flat stone by an open fire. Then it's rolled into a scroll resembling a loose cigar. Although you'd like to take it home to show your friends, you have to eat it on the spot because piki is too fragile to travel.

★ ★ ★

A cake for which the Apache of New Mexico and Arizona are famous comes from the fat leaves of the magney or century plant. A large rock-lined pit is built, a fire made inside. When the rocks are very hot, the ashes are replaced by chopped magney leaves, covered with rocks and earth and left to simmer. Two days later, when the hiss of escaping steam is heard, accompanied by a spicy-sweet fragrance which will drift for miles, the pit is opened, revealing a grey substance.

This is worked into a gum and shaped into cakes.

"Necet treat of all is a jelly which desert Indian women fix every June from the ripe, red fruit of the saguaro. It resembles a pomegranate, and is called the "cactus apple." If you like, you can eat it "in the raw." Just borrow a native tool—a hook attached to a long pole—and pull down as many as you think you can manage!

PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS
1. Young Washington used this
7. There — many stories about his exploits
8. Avenue (ab.)
9. Residence (ab.)
10. Colour
11. Rushers

DOWN
1. Firmness
2. Range
3. Girl's nickname
4. Rabbit
5. Always
6. Scatters

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE
Can you figure out Puzzle Pete's confused sentence about Washington?
George Yorktown. General General surrendered Cornwallis Washington at to.

DIAMOND
Washington was a GENERAL before becoming President and Puzzle Pete uses that fact as the centre of his word diamond. The second word is a group of matched pieces; third Spanish for "mister;" fifth "a precept;" and sixth "a college cheer." Can you finish the diamond?

BACKWARD GLANCE
Read this backward if Puzzle Pete confuses you:
SITSUC WODIW
TNEIDSRP TSHIF
NONREV TNUOM

WASHINGTON REBUS
Use the words and pictures right and you'll have little trouble finding the four facts connected with Washington that Puzzle Pete has hidden in his rebus:

Porpoises Play Basketball

THE REFEREE blows his whistle and one of the world's strangest games begins. Zippy, a playful porpoise, grabs a basketball in his mouth and swims down the watery court.

Smiley, another porpoise, guards the basket at one end of the pool. Smiley rushes at Zippy. He knocks the ball from Zippy. The ball flies into the air.

Before it can splash back into the water, Smiley leaps high out of the pool. He snatches the ball in his mouth.

Now it's Smiley's turn to try for a basket. Swimming just below the surface he streaks for the goal.

A twist of his powerful tail and he ducks past Zippy, gliding in close to the basket. Smiley shoots. The ball swishes through the mesh. Two points for Smiley!

Smiley sticks his head far out of the pool to receive the applause of the crowd watching the game at Marineland of The Pacific. The porpoise ac-

tually grins. Now the onlookers see why he is called Smiley. Porpoises at Marineland—30 miles from Los Angeles, Calif., have been taught to play basketball. They love it. Their trainer (and referee) needs only drop the ball into the outdoor pool and the game is on. Both hoop and ball are regulation size.

The playful mammals (porpoises are not fish) play basketball every day.

Smiley, Zippy and their teammates would be happy to play your basketball team. There are only two requirements. 1. Your team must be good swimmers. 2. The winners of the game to get all the raw fish they can eat!

Brain Teaser

MANY TIMES things go together so well that they are said in the same breath, and one seems incomplete without the other. Like cups and saucers or hooks and eyes. Can you match the person or item in the top paragraph with the one in the lower paragraph?

1. Sidney 2. Gilbert 3. David 4. James Whitcomb Riley 5. Washington 6. Johnson 7. Eugene Field 8. Tom Sawyer 9. Gollath 10. Stuart 11. Boswell 12. Huck Finn 13. Livingstone 14. Little Boy Blue 15. Sullivan 16. Little Orphan Annie

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16)

Party Pralines

ASK mother if you can try this recipe:
In a heavy sauce pan combined one-half box of brown sugar with 2 tablespoons water and 1½ teaspoons butter. Place over medium heat and stir until mixture boils. Add 1 cup coarsely-chopped pecans, or leave them in halves if you prefer. Stir occasionally and continue to cook until a few drops in cold water form a soft ball (235 degrees F. If you have a candy thermometer). Remove candy from heat and cool five minutes. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered cookie sheet to make round, flat pralines three inches in diameter. When cool, remove with spatula and wrap, individually, in waxed paper.

Circus Time Arrives

—Everyone Pitches In To Put On A Grand Show—

By MAX TRELL

IT was decided to have a circus. Knarf and Hanik, the Shadows with the Turned About Names, said the proper place for it was right in the room between the bookcase and the window.

"But a circus is always held under a tent!" said Teddy, the yardstick.

Stuffed Bear. "I read about it in a book." Mr. Punch said: "Teddy is right. A circus isn't a circus unless it's held under a tent. I'll make a tent."

Behold A Tent!

So Mr. Punch took the white sheet off his bed and put a yardstick under it and tied the

four corners to the legs of four chairs and, lo and behold, there was the tent!

"Now it always seems to me," said General Tin, who had the habit of sounding gloomy about almost everything, "that you need more than a tent to put on a good circus. You need acrobats and jugglers and clowns. You need tightrope walkers. You need a magician. You need lions and tigers and elephants. You need horses. You need dwarfs and giants and a fat lady and a skinny man. Now where are you going to get all of those things?"

Knarf and Hanik looked worried.

Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, stood still and didn't say a word.

All Nodded

Enrico, the Canary, and Whoo, the Hobby Horse, and Hlawatha, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian, and Mary-Jane, the Rag Doll, and Miss China Doll and Jack-in-the-Box and the Big Plastic Duck and the Wooden Turtle looked at General Tin and nodded. For none of them could help thinking that he was right.

But Mr. Punch just laughed and said there wouldn't be any trouble at all getting acrobats and jugglers and clowns and tightrope walkers and magicians and lions and tigers and elephants and horses and dwarfs and giants and a fat lady and a skinny man.

"They're all here right now—right in front of us!" Mr. Punch said. "Teddy, can you roll and tumbler?"

"Yes, I can!" said Teddy, the Stuffed Bear. "Then you're the acrobat!" said Mr. Punch. "Knarf, can you throw three balls into the air and catch them?" said Mr. Punch. "I can try," said Knarf.

"Then you're the juggler," said Mr. Punch.

"But who's going to be the clown?" asked Hanik.

"Who else but me?" said Mr. Punch.

And he went and painted his cheeks white and his nose red and his eyes blue. And he put on big shoes and he held two open umbrellas over his head. Everyone shouted with laughter at his appearance.

A Tightrope Walker

Hanik, in a short, stuffy dress, became the tightrope walker and walked on a string stretched from the lamp stand to the bottom shelf of the bookcase.

When Mr. Punch got through being a clown, he became a magician. And when he got through being a magician, he stuffed pillows under his coat and became the fat man.

The two Kittens became the lions. The dogs, Foch-Foch the



226 Mr. Punch painted his nose red and wore enormous shoes.

Fochle, became the elephant. And Mary-Jane, the Rag Doll, held herself together very tightly and became the skinny man.

Whoo, the Hobby Horse, galloped around in a circle and stood on his hind legs and rocked in his hair.

The dwarfs wore the Plastic Duck and the Wooden Turtle. The giant was Hlawatha standing on a pair of stilts with a tall feather in his hair.

But the one who enjoyed the circus the most was gloomy General Tin, who Tin Seldah: He was the audience. He sat on a wooden bench and laughed at the clown, marvelled at the magician and applauded everyone else.

What Do You Know About Starfish?



LARGEST LIVING STARFISH IS THE SUNFLOWER STARFISH OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST, WHICH REACHES A DIAMETER OF 2 FEET OR MORE.

TROUT HAVE BEEN CAUGHT ON WORMS, FLIES, SALMON EGGS, SPINNING TACKLE AND ASSORTED ARTIFICIAL LURES.

WHEN READY FOR THE DIVE AFTER A LUCKLESS FISH, THE KINGFISHER HALF CLOSES HIS WINGS AND SHOOTS DOWNWARD INTO THE WATER.

LIKE A BLUE METEOR, A VERITABLE LIVING SPEARHEAD.

Rupert and the Blunderpuss—24



The Conjurer tells Rupert not to be impatient. "Me no finish explaining. Now look close. As he picks up the tall hat the kitten disappears back inside it. Then he covers it with a cloth and speaks some different Chinese words, passing a long time between

each. Finally the cloth is flicked off and, to Rupert's astonishment, a bird comes out of the hat. "Now does the little bear understand what the strange creature was that he was chasing?" the man asks. "N-no, I can't imagine what it was," says Rupert.

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ELEVEN SHIPS, 1,000 PEOPLE PERISHED WHEN...

Someone dropped a cigarette end



—AND BOMBAY WENT UP IN SMOKE

THE day that Bombay erupted into a vast cloud of yellow, acrid smoke was one of the worst explosive disasters of all time. It was also one of the best-kept secrets of the war.

Nearly a thousand civilians and servicemen were blown out of existence on that grim day of April 14, 1944.

It happened 15 years ago. But shrouded in secrecy by wartime security laws, it was not until recent years that the full facts of this catastrophe were made known.

The Bombay harbour explosion, which started as a small fire in the hold of a ship, was one of those tragedies which should never have happened.

And it would probably never have happened but for the fact that a large part of the ship's cargo was dried fish, and the over-heating smell upset the seamen.

Explosives

As soon as the ship docked, 24 hours earlier, the fish was unloaded, while hundreds of tons of explosive which should have been given priority, were left in the holds.

That a stench, no matter how strong, could cost so many lives sounds impossible. But consider the facts of this unhappy story.

In the massive Bombay harbour of 1944, Allied ships, used for wartime naval encounters all over the world, were constantly coming and going.

The 7,000-ton British freighter Fort Strike—built only a year before—was just another of the many.

It arrived on April 13, with a cargo that was typical of the times—vast amounts of fish from Hull and Grimsby, some cotton, 155 gold ingots, and 1,700 tons of ammunition and high explosive.

Consider that cargo well—for every single item had a striking part to play in the disaster which was to follow.

First the cotton. Packed into the hold of the S.S. Fort Strike it was used as a "buffer" for the ammunition and explosive-packed tightly above and below the dangerous cargo.

Wisp Of Smoke

Early in the afternoon of April 14, an Indian dockworker saw a slim wisp of smoke climbing skywards from the cotton in No. 3 hold.

He knew its terrible significance and rushed from the hold to give the alarm. The warning spread.

Swiftly the Red Flag—signifying that an ammunition ship was ablaze—was hoisted to the mast of the Fort Strike. Almost simultaneously every ship in the harbour blared out the dread news with their alarm whistles.

Within minutes Bombay City fire brigades—and the smaller brigades kept in readiness at the docks—raced to the scene.

Firemen pumped thousands of gallons of water into the hold. But still the fire raged,

By
Graham Wilson

and grow—coming quickly to the surface of the cotton.

Obviously its source was deep down. Yet those who fought the fire so tirelessly were convinced that the ship could still be saved.

Col. J. R. Sadler, the Port Superintendent, was in the most difficult dilemma of his life. If he ordered the ship to sea, to be scuttled, the situation would be almost certainly saved.

But was it so serious? Col. Sadler decided not. He knew of the danger from the explosive—but he knew also of the gold cargo the ship was carrying.

It was worth £2,000,000 and the Colonel was determined to save it if he humanly could. He ordered the ship to remain at anchor, and the firemen to continue their mammoth battle.

So the gold played its part in the tragedy.

Scene Of Carnage

By now the fire, at first so hard to trace, was a blistering, scorching inferno. Smoke thick and black poured in great choking clouds out of the holds.

The brilliant firemen were forced back, and back by the intense heat radiating from the side of the ship. The steel plates were glowing red hot.

At 4 p.m. with a mighty roar, the ship exploded, thrusting an ugly mushroom of yellow smoke thousands of feet up into the sky.

Only minutes later a second explosion, even more powerful and devastating rocked the city to its very foundations.

When the thick fumes thinned out, a scene of carnage was laid bare.

The 18 fire engines and their crews who had been fighting the fire all through the afternoon had been obliterated from this earth.

Not a trace of them remained. Within a radius of a quarter of a mile not a building remained standing.

Fifty warehouses had been wiped out. The Fort Strike, still blazing, was rapidly breaking up.

Every person within half a mile of the ship was dead.

A grim toll officially estimated at the time at 780, but later said to be at least 900,

Many of the dead need not have perished. After the first explosion the survivors raced for safety—but were stopped at the dock gates by an over-zealous policeman who insisted on seeing their passes.

They all lost their lives with the second great eruption.

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They all lost their lives with the second great eruption.

Tidal Wave

In the harbour itself the conflagration had spread a deadly mantle of fire over everything—and the colossal upheaval caused a tidal wave to sweep a destructive course.

Its onslaught mowed down like string and pounded ships mercilessly against the walls. Eleven of them were totally damaged.

One 3,000-ton coaster was lifted bodily from the surging water and flung down on the quayside with its back broken.

For three days and nights survivors fought tirelessly an heroic battle to rescue others who were still living.

Leslie John Hall, chief of one of the works brigades, wore himself down directing the operations, channelling his men where they could do the best work.

Inspector William Edward Greene, injured already by the explosion, leapt into the flaming waters to rescue three seamen. They all survived.

Afterwards he was awarded the George Medal.

But the fire was spreading to the rest of the city, and there was no one to stop it.

Almost the entire fire brigade had been wiped out by the initial explosion.

Troops Brought In

The blaze swept the length of Bombay and moved steadily northwards. Troops were brought in to cut off the advance. They met destruction with destruction, by blowing up and tearing down whole blocks of valuable buildings.

Soon a broad path was cleared over which the fire could not leap. Gradually it was conquered and brought under control.

But by that time a large section of Bombay had been destroyed, and the city had lost a billion dollars' worth of property. Not only had hundreds of people lost their lives, but several thousand more were badly injured.

The cause of it was sheer carelessness. A Commission of Inquiry ruled out sabotage.

The explosion was caused, it was decided, by a carelessly discarded cigarette end, or a match.

SHOW BUSINESS



Noelle Adam... voice on the phone (see Not Talking).

My Conscience

by Marty Wilde

MARTY WILDE, a tame rock 'n' roll singer who modestly attributes his success to his hard-working-class parents and tireless high-class agent, may become a highbrow actor.

Recently, Casper Wilde, the man who produced Sir Laurence Olivier's television play "Gabriel Bernheim," admitted he wants Wilde for a new play he may produce at the cultural-minded Lyric Hammersmith.

"Sometimes," said Wilde solemnly, "I wonder if I'm worth it. I mean all this fuss and £1,000 a week. But then I think, so what? As long as other people think so, I'm all right."

Following the rave notices for her first Hollywood performance in "The Sound and the Fury," Margaret Leighton is being tempted to return. The bulk of the starring role in "The Best of Everything," story of career girls in New York. A sort of big-city "Peyton Place."

—London Express Service.

"You see, I have the answer right off to people who say I stink. People who say that to me, what do they do? I suppose they might make five people happy in their life."

"But me, I make maybe 5,000 people a day happy. I'd sooner make people happy than make atom bombs in Australia. Course, it's useful to make deterrents to keep people away from you. I know that. But I'd rather entertain people myself."

Certainly, Wilde is a boy with a social conscience—a valuable asset in highbrow theatrical circles.

He said: "I want to set a good example to teenagers. I want the kids to look up to me and be proud."

"You see, like, I've got my problems. If I spit in the street, I never spit in the street incidentally but if I did—25 people would see me and the kids would hear about it and they might all start spitting."

"And I'd be sort of responsible. It's like, sometimes I want about my mouth off at some people. They really get on my nerves. I get the needle but I

Roderick Mann Sanders tells the story of Albert the butler

I HAVE not forgiven Mr George Sanders for getting married. If ever Show Business had a case for breach of promise, this is it.

His honeyed words—poured into my receptive ears over lunch at the Ritz—are still fresh in my mind.

"Marriage," he said, "is an unnatural relationship. The ideal thing is to be a bachelor with a good butler. I have Albert. He arranges the flowers in my car, puts mothballs in my pants. In fact he does everything. And he is superior to a wife because he does not argue with me nor question what time I get home."

What sense, I had thought, as the sage sat there, pleased with his panegyric, immaculate in his Albert-pressed suit.

A week later the fraud got engaged to Benita Hume.

HERE'S THE SECRET

Recently I went round to see Mr Sanders—who is in Britain to film "A Touch of Larceny" with James Mason—and sung the words right back at him.

He received me cordially, offered me a chair, and waited until I had finished abusing him. Of his wife there was no sign. Probably she was outside somewhere washing his car.

Then, in that remarkable voice which is only half an octave away from a yawn, he said: "You must remember that I am a man of parts. What I said about the joys of bachelorhood I meant. Being a bachelor is fine, but being married to Benita is fine too. And if I went back to being a bachelor again tomorrow, it would still be fine."

"Keep talking," I said. "The secret," he said, "is to be a good businessman with one's emotions. If one is that, life presents no problem. One pays a price for living alone—even if looked after by a butler like Albert. Equally one pays a price for being married. The only dif-

ference, really, is that one is on better trading terms with one's wife."

"Talking about butlers," I said, "where is Albert now?"

"Gone," said Sanders. "Gone for ever."

"He probably never got over the way you sold him up the river," I said.

"He was a fine butler," agreed Mr Sanders. There was a moment's silence for Albert. Then Sanders said:—



Mr Sanders—the happy philosopher.

ference, really, is that one is on better trading terms with one's wife."

"Talking about butlers," I said, "where is Albert now?"

"Gone," said Sanders. "Gone for ever."

"He probably never got over the way you sold him up the river," I said.

"He was a fine butler," agreed Mr Sanders. There was a moment's silence for Albert. Then Sanders said:—

"I do not mind being alone, you know, and that is a considerable source of strength. Take a man like Tyrone Power—who died while we were in Spain together making Solomon and Sheba."

"He hated to be alone. He was what I call the training type—always on the go."

"Do you think that affected his health?"

"Undoubtedly," said Sanders. "Though Tyrone would never have died had he been a volucularian."

"A how much?"

"A volucularian," said Mr Sanders wistfully. "You know—someone unduly solicitous about his health. I am convinced, that volucularianism is the clue to longevity."

"Tyrone had already had a couple of warnings from his heart—but because he felt fit he ignored them."

"Had he rushed to the doctor, like a good volucularian, he would be alive today. The trick is to have some minor ailment which makes you permanently conscious of your health. A touch of arthritis, or something of that kind, and you're a safe bet to live to 90."

"If you ever write a book," I said, "it will probably be required reading in Harley Street."

"Curious you should say that," said Sanders. "I am in the middle of my autobiography at the moment."

"I hear that your ex-wife, Zsa Zsa Gabor is also writing a book," I said. "Did you know that when you got engaged to Benita Hume, Zsa Zsa cried for three days without stopping?"

"I didn't," said Sanders, "but if that is the case, I fear her book will be considerably longer than mine."

Not Talking

I CALL Sidney Chaplin at his rented flat in Chester Terrace, N.W. Miss Noelle Adam, his constant companion, answers the phone.

R.M. to N.A.: Is Mr Chaplin in?

N.A. to S.G.: (not even sotto voce) Are you in?

S.G. to N.A.: No.

N.A. to R.M.: No.

R.M. to N.A.: When do you expect him?

N.A. to S.G.: When do I expect you?

S.G. to N.A.: Later.

N.A. to R.M.: Later.

R.M.: I won't call. Good-bye.

N.A.: Goodbye.

High Priced

MR BURT LANCASTER now gets 1,000,000 dollars every picture he stars in.

He is so expensive, he tells me, that he can no longer afford to hire himself as an actor for his own independent production company.

QUOTE—from Ingrid Bergman: "I don't believe in anger, hate, or revenge. They are such exhausting emotions."

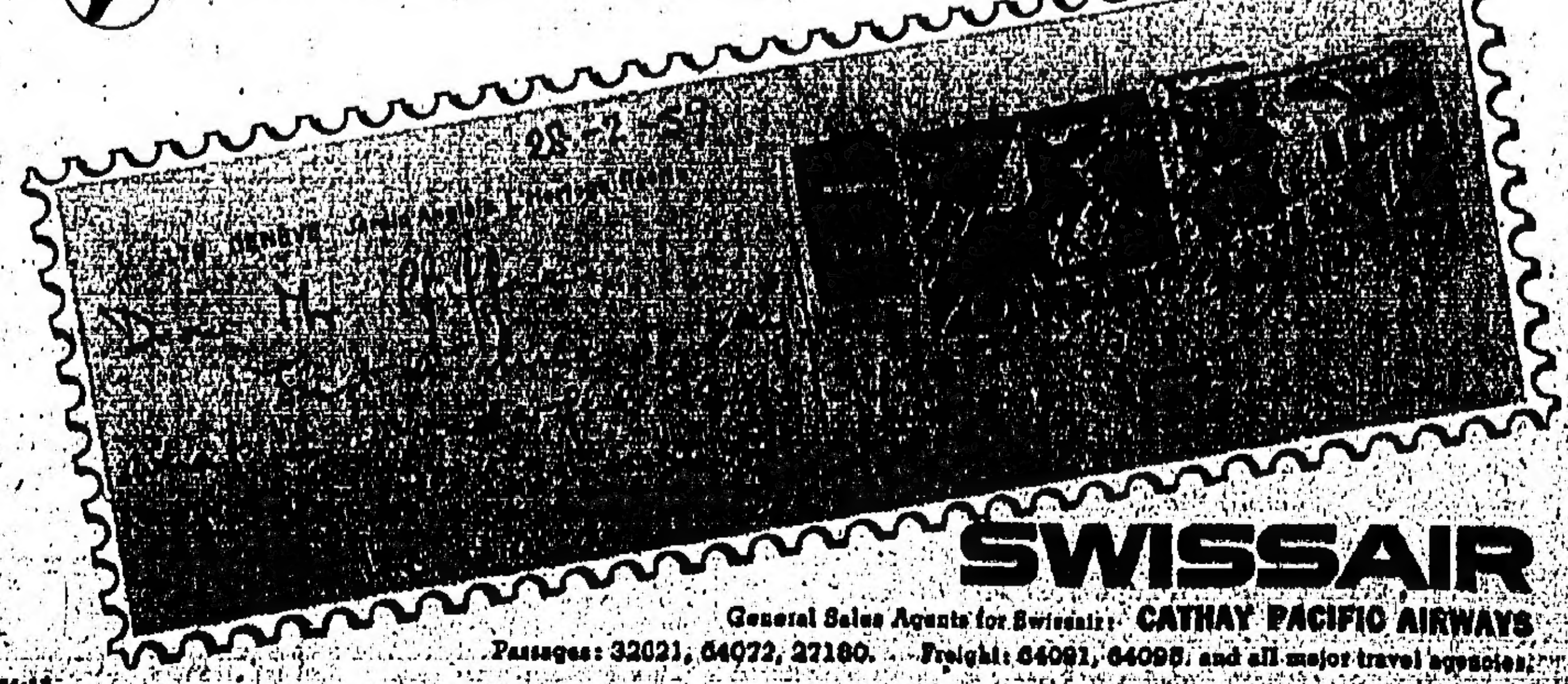
QUOTE—from Hedy Lamarr: "Any girl can look glamorous. All you have to do is stand still and look stupid."

—(London Express Service).

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100 Games For England

CHAMPION OFF TO S. AFRICA



Miss Heather Ward, the all-England women's singles badminton champion, with her friend and partner Miss Barbara Carpenter, the England and Surrey badminton player, seen at Waterloo station before leaving for South Africa in the "Winchester Castle" boat train.—Central Press photo.

BILLY WRIGHT REACHES HIS CENTURY IN INTERNATIONAL SOCCER NEXT SATURDAY

By RICHARD BERRY

He has dined with the Queen at Buckingham Palace; he has been accorded V. I. P. treatment in the Kremlin. He has entertained millions of people in some 25 countries; there is a wax model of him in Madame Tussauds. He is WILLIAM AMBROSE WRIGHT, captain of Wolves and England, winner of more international soccer caps than any other Englishman.

It is now 14 years since he was first called upon to play for his country. And on April 11, barring untimely injury or illness, he will crown his fabulous career at Wembley by completing Association Football's most remarkable century. The match against Scotland will give him his 100th cap.

For stocky, 34-year-old Billy Wright this will be his proudest moment in football since he led Wolves to win the FA Cup at Wembley 10 years ago.

But turn the clock back 20 years and he was the unhappiest youngster in the game. He was then a soccer-crazy kid of 15, who had been signed on at Molineux as a groundstaff boy. One day, when he was employed in the unexciting task of sweeping out the grandstand, he was summoned to the office of the Wolves manager, the immortal Major Frank Buckley.

End Of The World

Young Billy hesitated outside the great man's door. Then he knocked and entered. He stood before the manager's desk—a four, curly-haired strapping, only 5ft 2in. tall.

Said Buckley: "I'm afraid you will never be big enough for professional football, sonny. You don't seem to be getting

any bigger, so we won't be able to keep you after this season."

Those words, though spoken sympathetically, seemed to spell the end of the world for Billy Wright. Broken-hearted, he walked to the dressing-room and sat there alone, managing to hold back the tears.

His soccer dreams were ended; he tried to resign himself to the prospect of making his career in engineering.

Then something happened which changed his whole future—and that of Wolves and England. Major Buckley sent for him again.

"I have changed my mind. You can stay," said the boss. And Billy Wright, son of a Shropshire iron-founder, remained with Wolverhampton to become the most prolific captain in soccer history.

They Pleaded

It seems that Buckley was impressed when other members of the staff pleaded on Billy's behalf and explained how hard he had always worked and what a fine example he was to the other players. Buckley was not too big a man to admit that he might have been wrong in his judgment.

Now, millions of fans, from Molineux to Moscow, know just how hard a worker Billy Wright can be. It is his great industry and fighting spirit which have made him one of the greatest football captains of all time.

His never sleeps lightly; often on the field he has seemed to do the work of ten men. And as England skipper, he has been a shining example to the other players, just as he was a wonderful example to the other boys at Molineux.

Quick Justification

Wright was quick to justify Buckley's decision. He started at centre-forward, continued on the right-wing, performed creditably in all the other forward positions, then switched to right-half. He scored two goals in his first League match.

And all the time little Billy grew, finally reaching 5ft 8in and 12 stone. But he still looked hardly robust enough for top soccer when he first played for England—against Belgium at Wembley in 1945.

Wright was then off form, yet Cullis kept him in the long team. He felt that in the long run, his star player might have been psychologically upset to be dropped into the reserves now for the first time in his career. It was soon proved that Cullis had made a wise exception to his own rule. And it happened again last September when Wright struck another bad patch.

Captain At 24

His first "full" cap came in the 2-2 draw against Northern Ireland in Belfast in 1947; he was made captain of Wolves. A year later, at the age of 24, he became captain of England.

Since then he has captained England more times than any other man. In the last 11 years he has missed only three of England's 50-odd full internationals—and those through injury.

In 1952, a few hours after England had beaten Belgium 5-0 at Wembley, he was guest-of-honour at a Football Association banquet and was presented

with all illuminated address for breaking Bob Crompton's record of 42 England caps. He was also elected "Footballer of the Year."

Great Game

But Wright's greatest performance in that memorable year was again at Wembley—in the first international there against Wales. The big attraction of the game was to be the duel between England's centre-half Jack Froggatt and the dashing Welsh centre, Trevor Ford.

But early on, Froggatt was injured and became a passenger on the right wing. Another man was needed to mark the fiery Ford, then the most dangerous centre in Britain.

Wright switched himself to centre-half—and played the great Welshman out of the game. England won that match 5-2.

That day, Billy Wright first revealed himself as England's greatest centre-half. He was a "stopper" with a touch of genius and a single-mindedness of purpose which was to blight the life of many an opposing centre.

Glutton For Work

Yet the selectors took nearly another two years to realise Wright's proper place on the field. He finally convinced them that he was a born centre-half in the 1954 World Cup series.

What is the secret of Wright's success?

He is a champion ball-player and a glutton for work. He can snake flash—lightning inter-ceptions and he can still make amazing spring-heeled leaps to beat forwards four inches taller than himself in the air.

His tackling is crisp and perfectly timed. And if he does not turn quite as quickly now as once he did, he is still no slower than his young rivals.

Lucky In His Boss

Of course, Billy Wright has had his share of luck. In particular, he has been fortunate in having a footballing genius for a boss, Cullis as his boss at Molineux.

Cullis has often said: "There is no more fatal policy than to persist with a player who has temporarily lost form." But he broke that rule in 1951.

Wright was then off form, yet Cullis kept him in the long team. He felt that in the long run, his star player might have been psychologically upset to be dropped into the reserves now for the first time in his career.

It was soon proved that Cullis had made a wise exception to his own rule. And it happened again last September when Wright struck another bad patch.

Critics Howled

Critics began howling for him to be dropped. But he stood on—and now Wolves seem to be heading for yet another League Championship.

Of course, Wright cannot have many more years in the black-and-gold shirt of Wolves or in the white of England. But he will carry on playing as long as he can. After 30 years as a professional, he looks forward to each match as eagerly as ever.

And he counts himself lucky to have been able to make a living out of the game he loves most of all.

NORRIS TO MAKE ALL-OUT ATTACK ON OLYMPIC MARATHON



Norris with the "Sportsman of the Year" trophy—the "Jim Peters" trophy—awarded to him in 1955.

Twenty-four hours after winning the international cross-country championship at Lisbon last week, Bolton mine-worker Fred Norris, 37, announced his retirement from cross-country running.

Next year he is to concentrate on an all-out attack on the Olympic marathon. He said that getting fit as early in the season as this, next year, would ruin his chances at Rome.

At 37, Norris is the oldest man ever to win the international championship, and last week's win made him the third Briton in 30 years to win the national and international championships in the same season. One of the other two, Frank Sando, was in second place behind him as the English team filled four out of the first five places for a crushing victory in the team championships.—London Express News.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which is longest—the Boat Race course, the Grand National course, or a three-mile running track?
2. Who won the Wimbledon men's singles title in 1955 without losing a set?
3. Who was England's leading racehorse owner in 1954?
4. Which sport is played on a field referred to as "The Grid-Iron"?
5. Who was the first cricketer to score a Test century?
6. Who has recently become the first cricketer to take twelve wickets in a Test against four different countries?
7. Which English soccer club has won the League Championship the most times?
8. With which sports do you associate (a) Julius Bares, (b) Don Jordan, (c) Eddie Arcaro?
9. Which of these boxers have fought for the world heavyweight title—Billy Conn, Carl Olson, Freddie Mills, Roland LaStarza?
10. The Olympic men's long jump has always been won by an American. True or false?

Long And Short Of Soccer

Lincoln City, the English League soccer club, has just signed a 5ft 3in. centre half called Ray Long.

And that just about balances Lincoln's books... because they have a 5ft 2in. outside left named Jock Short.

Says Lincoln manager Bill Anderson: "I reckon I've got the longest and shortest players with any League club."—London Express Service.

Sports Diary

TODAY
Athletics
RAF annual athletics championships at 2.30 p.m.
2nd Division: Derby v. D.S. 3.00 p.m.
3rd Division: Redditch v. Macclesfield 3.00 p.m.
4th Division: Gillingham v. Ipswich 3.00 p.m.
5th Division: Gillingham v. Ipswich 3.00 p.m.
6th Division: Gillingham v. Ipswich 3.00 p.m.
7th Division: Gillingham v. Ipswich 3.00 p.m.
8th Division: Gillingham v. Ipswich 3.00 p.m.
9th Division: Gillingham v. Ipswich 3.00 p.m.
10th Division: Gillingham v. Ipswich 3.00 p.m.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB 11TH RACE MEETING

Saturday 11th and Sunday 12th April, 1959.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days. The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted. Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, 5 D'Aguiar Street and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.

ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS. Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission. MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each per day and \$40.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during office hours.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 10th April, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Special Cash Sweep Tickets on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959, at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at: Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday 4th April 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Saturday 11th and Saturday 12th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Saturday 4th April 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.
Saturday 11th and Saturday 12th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

By Order of the Stewards.
A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

Hong Kong, 4th April, 1959.

A BRITISH GOLFER CAN WIN THE OPEN THIS TIME —AND ALLISS IS THE MAN

Says EDDIE HAMILTON

I say that this year a British golfer will win the British Open Championship.

You may think this a wild forecast, coming before the tournament season has opened? Perhaps so—but I haven't made it without careful investigation and consideration.

What's more I'll give you two names in my long range forecast. They are Eric Brown of Scotland and Peter Alliss of England. And I nominate the bold Peter as my Number One choice.

Yes, I know that a home player hasn't won since Max Faulstich in 1951. I know that Britain has taken the title only three times in 13 years. I know that Bobby Locke of South Africa and Peter Thom-

son of Australia have shared the title eight times in that period. And both will be competing again. So, doubtless, will some of the top Americans.

And still I say Britain will win this time.

Time Ripe

The time is ripe—in many ways. I don't think that either Locke or Thomson has quite the same urge to victory these days. I believe the great Americans

of the Hogan-Snead era are fading... and that the "new boys" haven't quite got there yet.

By happy contrast, I am convinced that Peter Alliss has arrived... in the biggest way. He always had the golf; now I think he has the mental maturity that was missing.

I watched him in the recent foursomes at Wentworth. I remember that he used to be a golfing crychound. Now he has slowed down almost to the Locke pace of careful concentration and study before shot making.

Slapdash Approach

I asked him the pointblank question: Have you grown up? He told me: "I think so. Now I can get on in the morning and start concentrating right away. Really concentrating. Thinking of all the factors, right down to the slight wind shifts that can affect a putt."

I believe him—because I have watched him carefully. And I have not forgotten that he took three Continental Open titles ere after another at the back end of last season.

Peter used to infuriate me by his slapdash approach, his all-out faith in the big bash. And for a long time I thought he was past curing.

Now at 25 years of age he can match any golfer in the world. In physique, in technique, in intelligent use of his advantages.

If I am wrong, let me say I believe it will be Eric Brown who will beat him. Because Eric has all the Alliss potential with perhaps an added touch of aspiration. Why do I make him my only second choice?

Lick The World

Because he has had the chances in recent years to win—and has somehow just failed to take them. And this business of finishing on the winner's tail can be a tough habit to break.

But if anybody else the first, it's Eric. And together I'll take him and Peter to lick the world this year... in Britain under our conditions.

Which brings me to my final argument. This year's Open is at Muirfield. And this magnificent Lothian course has been on the rota for 68 years. In all that time only one foreigner has won an Open there—the fabulous Walter Hagen.

Last Muirfield winner was Henry Cotton... at over 40 years of age. Before that, Alf Perry. Very close. Well, you know what I think!

Is Surrey Cricket So Dominant It Bores Fans?

By HARRY CARPENTER

SURREY, the most successful side in the history of county cricket, gaze ruefully at the championship pennant fluttering over the Oval. It has flown there for seven successive seasons—and it has driven them into the red.

In 1955 this wealthy club, spending £63,000 in six years to make the Oval a worthy home for champions, welcomed through the turnstiles for county games a season's total of 227,000 customers, and showed a profit of £2,440.

All seemed rosy, with the 114-year-old club, waxing fat as the famous gasholder looming over the terraces.

In 1956, the picture changed. Attendance for county matches slumped by almost a half to 121,000. The books showed a loss of £4,140.

In 1957, 120,000 turned up. Loss: £3,763.

Down To 117,000

In a few weeks' time, members who pay 50s. a year, to wear the chocolate and white Surrey tie will look with gloom on the 1958 attendance figures of 117,000, and a loss of almost certainly around £4,000.

Commander Robert Babb, Surrey's slight, hawk-like secretary, wrestles with the problem of champions, playing virile cricket, who cannot make it pay.

"Yet when we play away," says Babb, "we still draw big crowds."

It seems the Surrey man in the street is tired of seeing

Extra £9,000

Last year was worse even than it looks on paper. "We introduced an associate-membership scheme, at three guineas a year," explained Babb.

This practically absorbed the waiting list of 2,000 for full membership, and brought in additional revenue of nearly £9,000.

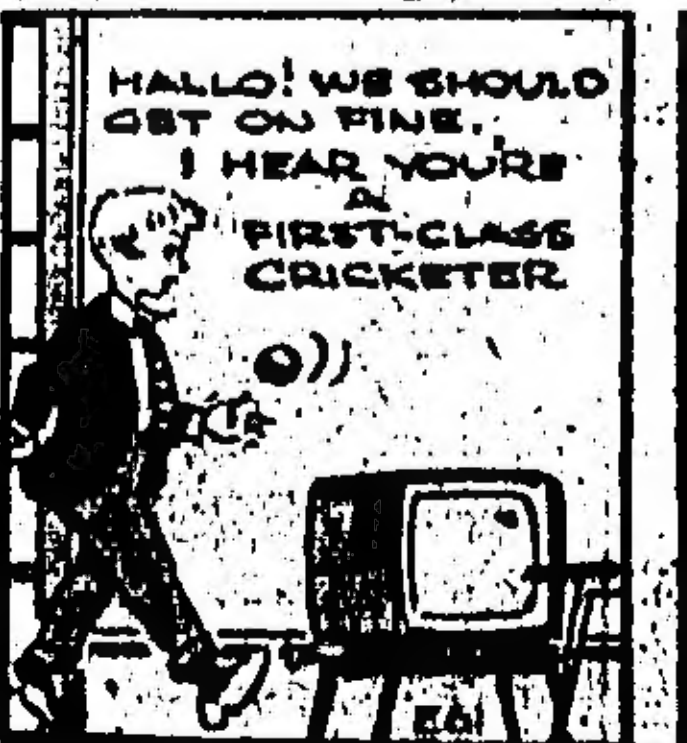
The situation demands emergency measures. One being considered is the formation of a fund-raising supporters' association.

Surrey, Yorkshire, and Middlesex are the only counties who have so far been able to resist this slight lowering of demeanour in the quest for cash.

The puzzled commander un- easily lists possible causes of the slump—TV, weather, a car- owning democracy who dash to the coast instead of squalling in the stands.

There are two others harder to face. Is it that Seven-Year Surrey, the unbeatable champions, have become too good for their own good? Or is county cricket dying?

POP—Retaining the Ashes



By Gog



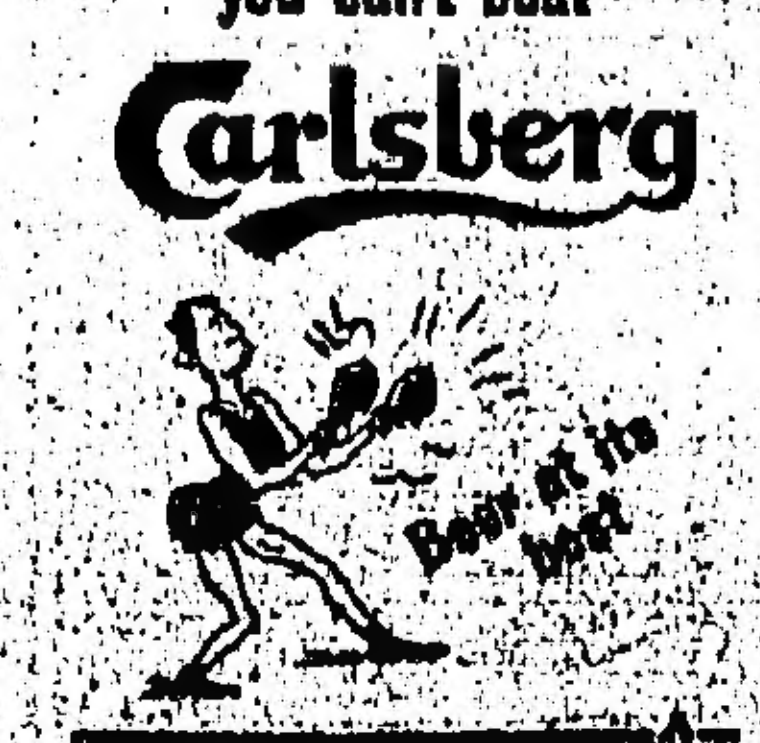
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CHINA MAIL

Page 18 SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1959.

SHEAFFER'S
Scrip

Sugar Ray Told: "Fight Or Else"

Week-Long Funeral For Baby Whale

Accra, April 3. Fishermen today began a week-long ceremonial funeral for a baby whale. The 20-foot long whale was washed ashore dead by the pounding Atlantic surf three miles outside Accra yesterday. No such marine mammal has been seen in this part of the world in living memory. Fishermen dubbed it "the strange fish."

Local fisher priests said it was a good omen for a splendid fishing season and decreed the "fish" should be given a traditional funeral.

Good Omen

It was later identified as a baby whale which had somehow wandered into the Gulf of Guinea but the priests said it was still a good omen.

Unemployment In Scotland

Edinburgh, April 3. Unemployment in Scotland is the highest for 20 years, the Scottish Council for Development and Industry reports.

Twins Well

London, April 3. Timothy and Jeremy Thackeray, blue-eyed 10-month-old Siamese twins, reported 10 days ago, continue to make satisfactory progress, a hospital bulletin stated here today.

New York, April 3. The New York Boxing Commission today ordered "Sugar" Ray Robinson to sign a contract by April 15 to defend his world middleweight title against American challenger, Carmen Basilio, or lose his title.

The Commission also warned Robinson that it did not recognize the title fight contract between him and Germany's European champion, Gustav Scholz.

General Melvin Krutevich, President of the Commission, declared that the Commission considered Basilio as the only suitable opponent because he had officially challenged Robinson on March 13 and had deposited a \$2,000 guarantee in compliance with the rules.

Not Defended. Gene Pullmer, who, like Basilio, took the title from Robinson only to lose it in the return fight, has not officially challenged Robinson.

According to the New York State rules, a world champion must put his title on the line against a suitable opponent every six months. The Commission pointed out that since Robinson recognized his title from Basilio, more than a year ago, he had not defended it. — France-Press.

GAS CHAMBER FOR MOTHER

Ventura, Calif., April 3. Elizabeth Duncan, 54-year-old mother who refused to share her son, was sentenced to the gas chamber today for killing two men to kill his pregnant wife.

Presiding Judge Charles F. Blackstock, 83, pronounced sentence after hearing arguments by defense attorney S. Ward Sullivan.

Mrs. Duncan again accepted the verdict calmly, as she had her conviction of first-degree murder and the jury's verdict that she must die for the murder of Olga Duncan, 30, last November. — U.P.I.

THIRD TITAN LAUNCHED

Cape Canaveral, April 3. An American intercontinental "Titan" missile was launched from Cape Canaveral today. This is the third of a series of limited scope "Titan" missile tests. The missile is scheduled to fall into the Atlantic Ocean at a point about 310 miles from Cape Canaveral.

The "Titan" missile is estimated at 9,300 miles. The "Titan" is due to go into service in the near future. The Titan missile headed up vertically and then took a course towards the south. The Martin company factory at Denver which built the Titan said that the weight of the missile at launching was equivalent to that of a dozen buses. — France-Press.

U.S. Leaders Poor, Says Mrs Roosevelt

London, April 3. Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt said today that world criticism of the lack of American leadership was justified. She had just arrived at London Airport from Paris with her 16-year-old grand-daughter Nina Roosevelt for a six-day stay in London after a visit to Iraq and Israel.

They will return to the United States on Thursday. "I believe that the criticism of American lack of leadership is justified. I do not think we are meeting the world situation in an imaginative and understanding way," she said.

"Content" "We are allowing our citizens to be content and confident and not to face the serious implications of the world today."

Mrs Roosevelt said that the third volume of her memoirs "On My Own" would soon be published in England. "I hope that it won't be controversial," she said.

"At home they always say that everything I do is controversial. This book is an account of things I have done since I left the White House and has no political significance." — U.P.I.

Pat For Dog Was Fatal

Paris, April 3. Maureen Graham, red-haired British Folies Bergeres dancer killed by a stray bullet from a fight by North Africans, died because she stopped to pat her favourite dog.

The dog, a Boxer, belonged to the hotel where she lived, and she was very fond of it. The hotel manager, M. Jean Falk, said: "It was a fatal minute."

"If she had not come back to pat Betsy, she would have been almost at the theatre and still alive today."

Two English room-mates at the Hotel Jersey, who were with her when she was shot, were "terrified" and have returned to London, he said. They were Moira Price, of Batham, and Annette Sherwood, of Lydney, Gloucestershire.

Miss Graham's mother is expected here by air to identify her formally. The girl was killed on a busy street corner. — China Mail Special.

CHRISTINE CAN'T MARRY: SHE'S LISTED AS A MAN

New York, April 3. Christine Jorgensen was refused a marriage licence today because of inadequate proof of femininity.

City clerk Herman Katz refused to issue the licence to the 33-year-old Christine and her fiancé, Howard J. Knox, 38, a Washington state legislator, because Christine's birth certificate lists her as a male.

"I'm very disappointed," Christine said, clinging to Knox's arm. "We hope we can iron out our difficulties and see this thing through," said Knox. The blonde nightclub entertainer wore a black ostrich hat, black dress with gold-mesh neckline and a mink jacket for her appearance at the Licence Bureau.

Another Try. Katz left the door open for Christine to return for another try if she brings adequate evidence of her sex in compliance with state law.

Christine's attorney, Roger B. Cowan, said that application would be made to the U.S. State Department to get the sex listing on Miss Jorgensen's birth certificate changed to female.

Then, the Licence Bureau once again would be asked to issue the licence. If that fails, Cowan said, the couple will try to get married elsewhere. It was Christine's second rebuff here. An earlier application was turned down because Knox lacked proof of his 1945 divorce in Chicago.

Knox returned from Chicago last night with the necessary documents. Christine was a U.S. soldier named George before undergoing surgery and hormone treatments in Denmark that changed her in the world championships. From 1951-1953. — U.P.I.

REDIFFUSION

H.K.T. 11 a.m. Morning Medley; 11:30 The Moonlight; 12 noon, Tune Time; 12:30 p.m. Three On A Mile; 1 p.m. Keyboard Capers; 1:15 Weather Report; 1:30 News; 2 p.m. Announcements; 2:15 Melodious Orch; 2:30 Saturday Requests; 3 p.m. Of The Stars; 3:15 Parade; 3:30 Request; 3:45 Birthday Mailbag; 4 p.m. Melody Magic; 4:30 Meet The Stars; 5 p.m. Where You Find It; 5:30 Jazz In The Mood; 6 p.m. Day Show; 6:30 Music 140; 7 p.m. Day Show; 7:30 Music 140; 8 p.m. Day Show; 8:30 Music 140; 9 p.m. Day Show; 9:30 Music 140; 10 p.m. Day Show; 10:30 Music 140; 11 p.m. Day Show; 11:30 Music 140; 12 midnight Close Down.

VITAL RUGBY MATCH

Paris, April 4. France are slight favourites to beat Wales in the Vital Rugby Union Championship match here today.

"Victory for either side would gain them the championship. France, undefeated in their two earlier matches this season, have previously only shared the title. If held to a draw, France would have to beat Ireland in Dublin on April 18 to be clear winners of the championship." — Reuter.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol; 2:30 Eddie Cantor Show; 3 p.m. Cantonese Feature; The Story Of Young Yung (Part 1); Kwang Kung; 3:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 4 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 4:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 5 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 5:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 6 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 6:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 7 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 7:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 8 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 8:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 9 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 9:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 10 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 10:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 11 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 11:30 p.m. Cantonese Feature; 12 midnight Close Down.



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Information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary, Office: Room 47, 4th floor, David House, 47, Queen's Road, Hong Kong Tel. 31700.

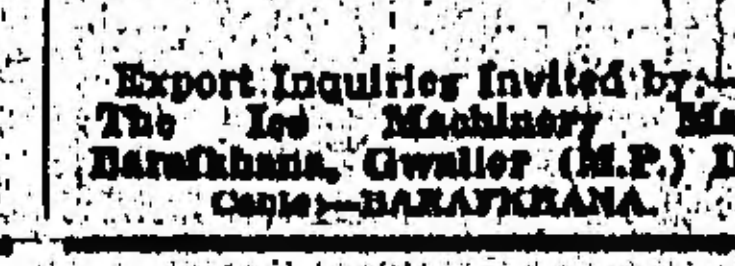
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News contributions always welcome. Contributors should address to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary. Telephone: 2611 (8 lines)

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WANTED KNOWN

SYSTEMS Due national fishermen holiday Japan, the Japanese Inn regrets no delivery of orders expected this week-end.

SPOTS? PIMPLES? "ZEMAX" conceals as it treats. Get a handy tube today. Two sizes available from leading Dispensaries and Stores.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Society will be held at the Board Room of the Hong Kong Jockey Club, Alexandra House, 8th Floor, on Monday 13th April, 1959, at 5:30 p.m. to receive the Report of the Committee for the year ended 31st December, 1958, to approve the Accounts and to transact such other business as may be necessary according to the Constitution of the Society.

By Order of the Executive Committee,
H. M. HOWELL
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 3rd Apr. 1959.

CHURCH NOTICE

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8:30 a.m. Holy Communion. 7:00 p.m. Evening Prayer. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

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